WHY I WILL NOT MARRY by GRETA GARBO

OCT. 22,
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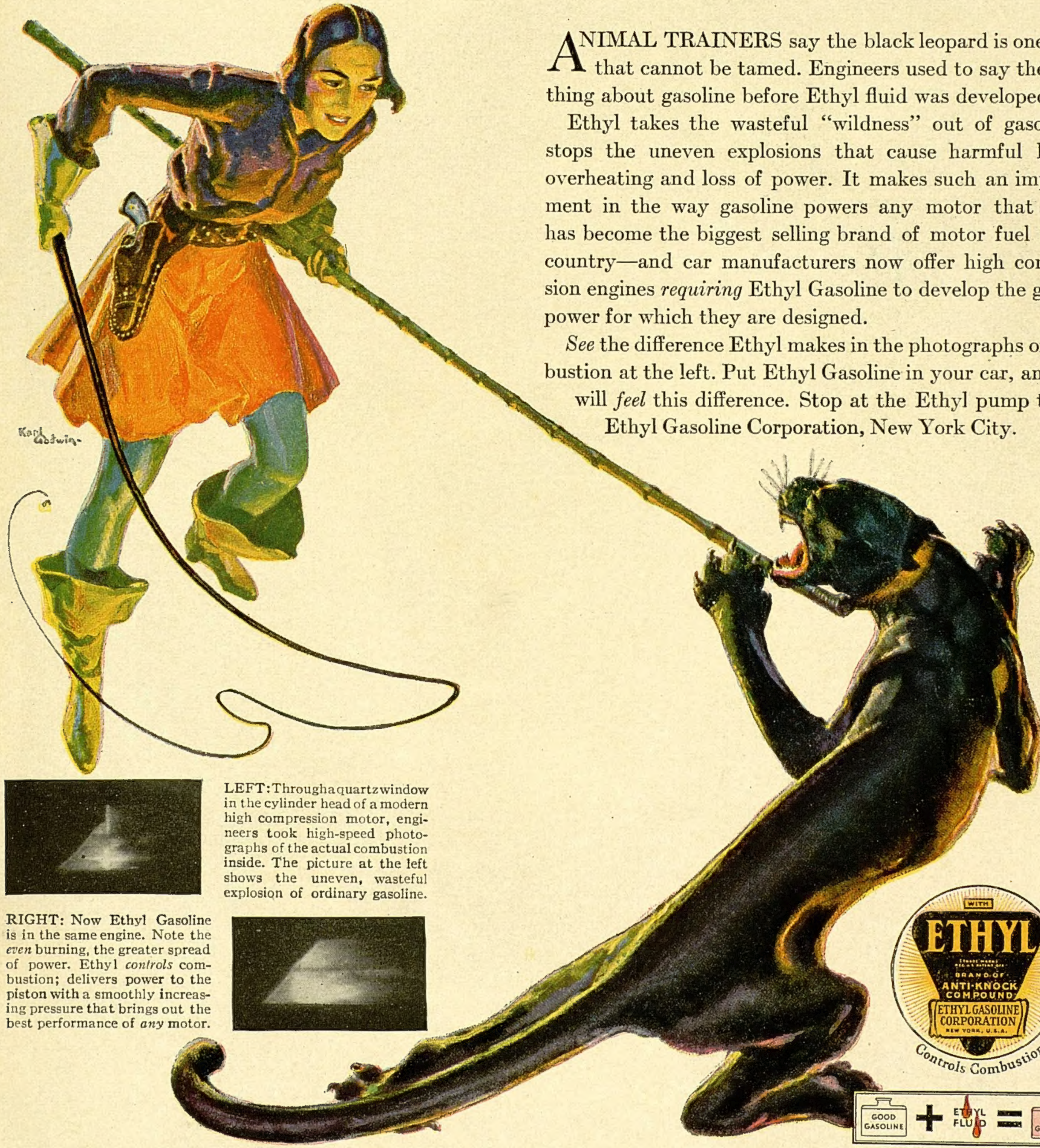
America's Best Read Weekly

Leslie Thrasher

Ethyl TAMES the wild power of GASOLINE



ANIMAL TRAINERS say the black leopard is one beast that cannot be tamed. Engineers used to say the same thing about gasoline before Ethyl fluid was developed.

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LEFT: Through a quartz window in the cylinder head of a modern high compression motor, engineers took high-speed photographs of the actual combustion inside. The picture at the left shows the uneven, wasteful explosion of ordinary gasoline.

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OCTOBER 22, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 43

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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OUR STAGGERING LOAD OF TAXES

One outstanding object of the political campaign in which we are now engaged should be to aim sledge-hammer blows at our colossal tax bill.

The Federal government has run wild in trying to regulate everything.

Prohibition is the outstanding example, but there are all sorts of commissions in Washington that delve into business of every kind. They have economists, scientists, and experts in practically every phase of human activity; governmental reports are issued by the millions, though but few of them are read. Most of them have but little value beyond satisfying the ambition of the authors.

The mania for investigation, especially when it furnishes jobs for friends and relatives, apparently has no limit.

The slogan of this campaign should be to smash taxes—hit them at every possible angle.

And the graft associated with this unparalleled waste has also run into huge figures. Perhaps it is impossible to remove graft entirely from political activities, but at least there ought to be some effort to lessen it. Huge sums of money have apparently faded away in our Federal expenditures in the last few years like snow under a summer sun.

When we went into the World War we were spurred on by the slogan, " A war to end war," and nobody thought for one instant that there was any possibility of this war bankrupting the nation. But with an expenditure already of billions, we are now harnessed with an expense of hundreds of millions a year in pensions.

During the World War over 220,000 were gassed and wounded; more than 50,000 were incapacitated; more than 158,000 were returned to duty. Yet in a recent report more than 325,000 veterans were receiving compensation because of disability.

No one can possibly object to a proper payment to soldiers who were actually injured in the war or who suffered serious losses, but the pension privilege has been much overworked. Some veterans are receiving pensions that they have not earned, while there are many deserving war victims who have received no financial consideration.

The soldiers who actually went to war and faced death for their country could not possibly be overpaid, but those engaged in civilian duties should not come in the same class.

And there is the huge cost of collecting our taxes. Hundreds of thousands of employees are engaged in this task. Complications upon complications. It takes a Philadelphia lawyer to understand the income-tax report of the average individual. Some business men never try to understand them; their accountants make them up and they sign them blindly. They are so complicated that a long study would be required to have a definite comprehension of their details.

Simplicity instead of complexity is tragically needed at this time in nearly every phase of our governmental activity. Our laws are apparently made as complicated as possible. Experts of all kinds doubtless want to confuse the average layman, and sometimes they may even desire to make their own jobs more difficult with the hope that they might be more secure.

Although there are many grave problems facing this nation, there is nothing that needs attention more imperatively than tax reduction. To reduce the expenses of an ordinary business is difficult enough, but to make changes essential in lowering governmental budgets is a colossal task.

That will be the job of our next President.

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Why I WILL NOT MARRY

By GRETA GARBO

In Which the Celebrated Sphinx of the Screen Breaks Her Silence and Tells What Is in Her Heart

(Reading time: 6 minutes 40 seconds.)

WHY are people so interested in the matrimonial status of the film stars?

After all, marriage is " nobody's business " except the two people concerned. It is strictly their private affair.

Moreover, it is damaging to a star's following for the more intimate details of his or her domestic life to be broadcast far and wide. It is particularly unfair—if not actually unwise—in the case of the film actor who plays great-lover rôles to stress the fact of his having a wife and children, no matter how he dotes on them in private.

Probably for this reason, if for no other, Hollywood no longer indulges in the big formal church weddings with gay banquets and dancing to follow—red-letter events like those which thrilled the film colony to the core when the nuptials of Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were celebrated a few years ago.

Then, of course, there were the spectacular marriages of Gloria Swanson to her marquis, and of Mae Murray and Pola Negri to their brother princes Mdivani. Of these, Mae Murray's is the only marriage that has survived.

Despite the blaze of glory in which Gloria descended with the noble marquis upon Hollywood in 1925, and the fact that the film colony rose with one accord to do them honor, the romance was soon shattered. Not so soon, however, as that of Pola Negri. Last of the trio to wed, Pola was the first to shed her spouse. She beat Gloria to the divorce courts by just six days. Incidentally, both husbands have since found consolation elsewhere—Prince Serge (Pola's ex-husband) with the Chicago opera star Mary McCormick, while the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, *alias* " Hank," is now known as " Mr. Constance Bennett."

Personally, I should hate to have my husband lose his identity to that extent. Rather than that, I should want to retire from the screen altogether. I should want to forget I had ever been Greta Garbo.

With so many broken romances littered about the studios, Hollywood is not so keen as formerly to draw attention to the love affairs of its players.

Nowadays quiet weddings are the vogue.

It is the fashion to slip out of town by airplane, get married in far-away Mexico, and maybe or maybe not announce the fact afterward.

Ina Claire, reigning beauty of the New York stage, and John Gilbert, then prince of screen romantics, eloped by air to Las Vegas and were married there very quietly. Even so, bets were being made within two hours of the ceremony about the outcome of the marriage: that it wouldn't last a year; that it would survive six, eight, perhaps ten months.

What chance of success has the average marriage in these circumstances?

Can you wonder that film stars hesitate to exchange single blessedness for married bliss?

The particular problem that faces the film star, however, is this:

Have I the peculiar kind of genius and temperament that makes of matrimony a holy and lasting bond? Am I a fit and proper person to be anybody's " lawful wedded wife "? Can I make a success of married life?

With a male star, perhaps, it is different. When he marries, convention expects that his wife shall subordinate her interests to his, as happened recently in the case of Maurice Chevalier and Yvonne Vallée.

An artist in her own right, Yvonne relinquished her theatrical laurels gracefully, without complaint. When Maurice was invited to make pictures in Hollywood, it was as plain Mrs. Chevalier she urged him to accept, and as Mrs. Chevalier that she accompanied this internationally accepted exponent of charm.

How embarrassing, on the other hand, is the situation of the non-film-acting husband married to a famous film star! He is bound to lose something of his own identity. Imagine a man being known as " Mr. Garbo "—just that and nothing more!

And in those sections of society still impressed by the false glitter of the limelight, and where the spectacle of a woman who has made her own way in the world is still matter for surprise and idle chatter, this is what would surely happen.

Only a fool or a hero could abide such an anomalous position.

THE only good reason for two people getting married is that they can be together most of the time. That is impossible with me so long as I remain on the screen.

The marriage contract which has to make the best of whatever is left over after the film contract has been fulfilled seems rather a makeshift affair. A husband needs his wife's thoughts and spiritual support as well as her actual physical presence. Unless one marries a fellow film artist, there is little chance of this ideal union of sympathy and interests. For I am in deadly earnest when I say that a film star's career is a whole-time job.

When I first went to Hollywood under the wing of the great Mauritz Stiller, I used to go to parties regularly and attend premières. But soon I found that my work began to suffer. Also, that to make public appearances destroys the illusion that surrounds the shadows of the silver sheet. The creative artist should be a rare and solitary spirit.

Stiller's death was a great blow to me. For so long I had been his satellite. All Europe at that time regarded Stiller as the most significant figure in the film world. Directors hurried to the projecting rooms where his prints were shown. They took with them their secretaries and, in the dim silence, they dictated breathless comments on the wide sweep of his magnificent technique.

Stiller had found me, an obscure artist in Sweden, and brought me to America. I worshiped him. There are some, of course, who say it was a love story. It was more. It was the utter devotion which only the very young can know—the adoration of a student for her teacher, of a timid girl for a master mind.

In his studio Stiller taught me how to do everything: how to eat; how to turn my head; how to express love—and hate.

Off the screen I studied his every whim, wish, and demand. I lived my life according to the plans he laid

GARBO—from one of her most beautiful photographs. At the right, her first arrival in America, with Mauritz Stiller. "I worshiped him," she says. "He taught me how to do everything."

down. He told me what to say and what to do.

When Stiller died I found myself like a ship without a rudder. I was bewildered—lost—and very lonely. I resolutely refused to talk to reporters because I didn't know what to say.

By degrees I dropped out of the social whirl of Hollywood. I retired into my shell. I built a wall of repression around my real self, and I lived—and still live—behind it.

In the gayest, maddest colony in the world, I became a hermit.

I did not go to parties any more. I was too tired. I went to bed when my work at the studio was done.

If I needed recreation, I liked to be out of doors: to trudge about in a boy's coat and boy's shoes; to ride horseback, or shoot craps with the stable boys, or watch the sun set in a blaze of glory over the Pacific Ocean. You see, I am still a bit of a tomboy.

Most hostesses disapprove of this trousered attitude to life, so I do not inflict it upon them. Besides, I am still a little nervous, a little self-conscious about my English. I cannot express myself well at parties. I speak haltingly.

I feel awkward, shy, afraid.

In Hollywood, where every tea table bristles with gossip-writers, what I say might be misunderstood. So I am silent as the grave about my private affairs.

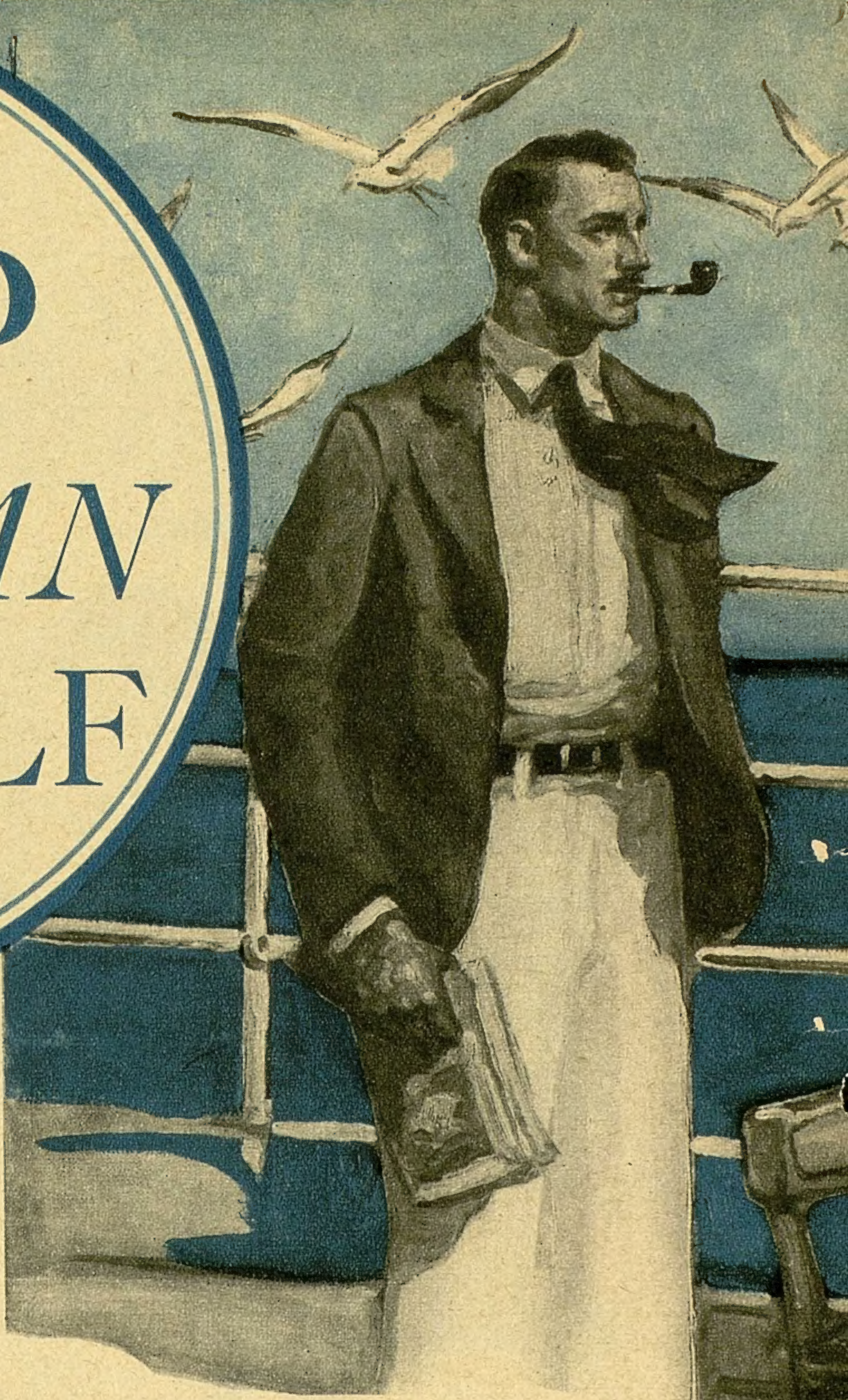
Rumors fly about. I am mum.

My private affairs are *strictly* private.

THE END

The SHIP THAT RAN HERSELF

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW



ALMOST at once a competition arose between the mate and Dawson as to which should have the honor of talking most to Donna Azuceira.

(Reading time: 31 minutes 3 seconds.)

Author's Note: There is at the present time a story, current in the Lesser Sundas, of a phantom steamer sometimes seen among the outer islands. She has no visible crew and appears to run herself. On deck there is a table laid for three.

VERY faintly the waves of far-off happenings, the flutter of other-world emotions, came rippling to the Sundas. When you were past Java, had left tourist-bedeviled Bali behind, seen Lombok and Sumbawa sink in purple sunset and the fiery horns of Flores smoke away into the west, you knew that you had slipped out of the world. This was beyond the world, this belt of eternal calms, where the slow K. P. M. steamer, day in, day out, drew one long finger mark across the Timor Sea. Here nothing happened; no news broke, no passengers joined or left the ship, none of the constant stimuli of civilization came, like flies, to sting a man awake when he was drifting at last into a kind of sleepy peace.

Jim Dawson, seven weeks out from England, whence he had fled as a man flies from a burning house, began to think that in time he might forget.

Nobody knew; that was the best of it. These slim, smart officers in their white and gold had never heard of the shipwreck in which his life went down only three months ago. They knew that he had come to Java on business for his engineering company; that he had taken boat from Batavia to the Lesser Sundas for rest and quiet. They knew, if they thought of it, that he was a man of some means, not as young as they were (for Dawson had touched thirty-five), that he understood no Dutch, gave no particular trouble, and was always ready to join in a game of cards on the after deck or take a moderate drink in anyone's company. He did not talk much, though the officers were able to meet him in almost any language he might have fancied. He seldom went ashore on the little sun-dried islands where petty rajahs had their courts and wild-looking tribesmen, jingling all over with silver coins, came riding down from the hills to stare at the ship. He read and smoked, kept his own counsel, and seemed to like being the only passenger on the little quiet Dutch steamer.

Nobody, he thought, knew anything. . . .

The captain said to the mate: "I hope you're keeping an eye on the English passenger."

The mate said: "Everything that might or could go wrong on the ship is my fault—not?"

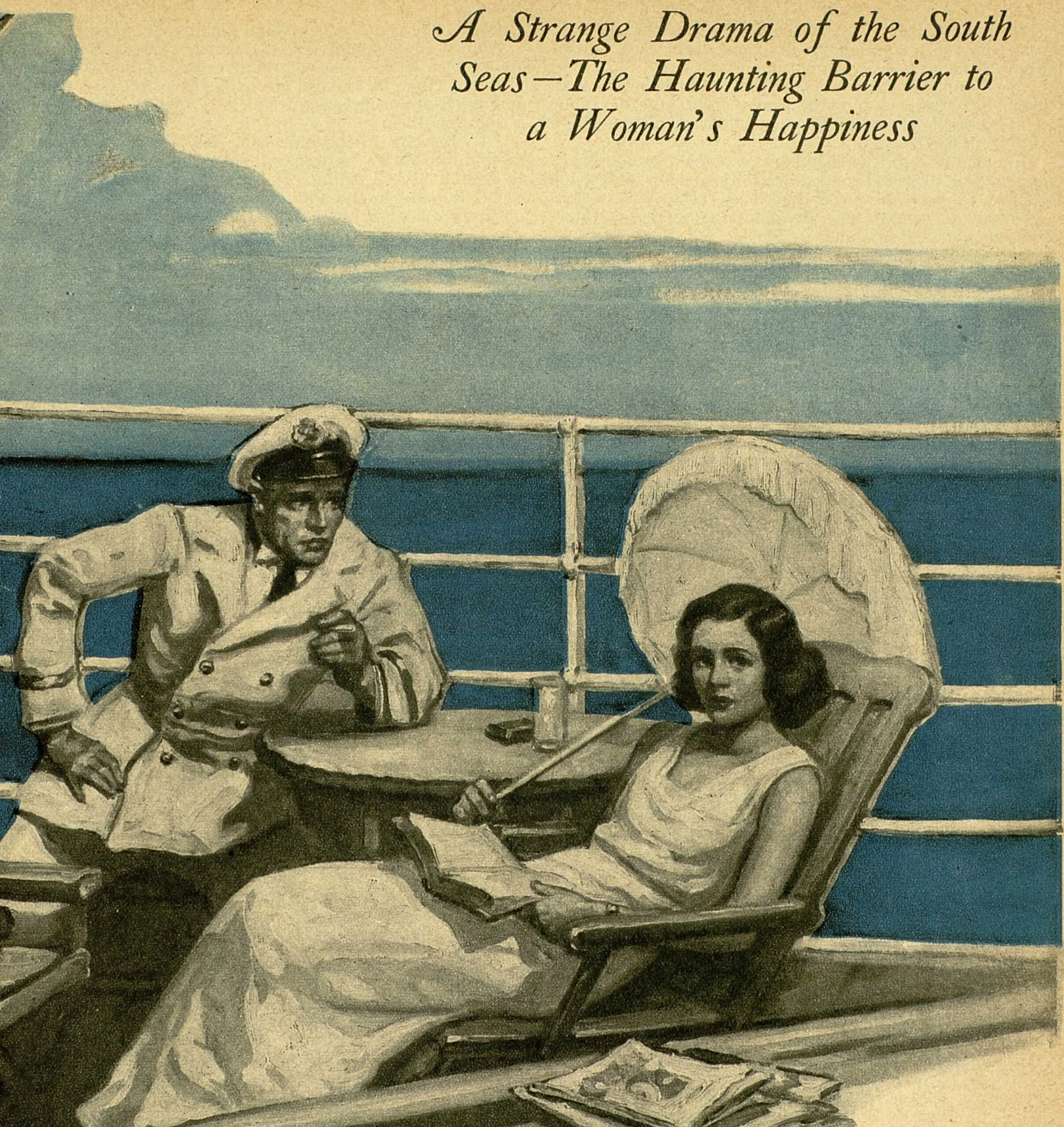
"That is what you are here for," genially agreed the captain. "If he cuts his throat all over the best cabin, it will be your fault. The head office does not like accidents."

"What is the matter, do you think?"

"A man cuts his throat for three reasons. Incurable illness—now this fellow is as strong as a bear. Money—he has plenty of that; he never speaks of it. A woman. It is a woman."

"Maybe two. That is worse," said the mate, stealing a look at himself in the captain's glass. He was a sharp-looking fellow with a fine profile and amber-gray eyes that nearly matched his amber hair; somewhat fragile in

A Strange Drama of the South Seas—The Haunting Barrier to a Woman's Happiness



Pictures by
MORTIMER WILSON, JR.

appearance, and almost (you would have said) too refined for his business as a ship's officer. He believed in nothing, cared not much for anyone on earth except himself, and on occasion could swear the heads off the crew in at least seven languages.

The captain—a large beefy man who played the piano like a Conservatoire pupil, had fits of poetic melancholy, and was said to be the finest navigator in the Dutch East Indies—looked up at Huygens, the mate. His hands were straying, while he talked, through the chords of the Sonata Pathétique. There was not much to do on the Amsterdam during this run.

"Somebody has been talking too much," he said. "The Englishman asked me today if there wasn't a story of a Flying Dutchman ship seen about the Sundas."

"One has to keep him amused," deprecated the other. "And nobody really believes in the thing."

"Believe or not, it is not the sort of talk for a man who may get us into trouble with the company by giving the ship a bad advertisement. Suicides—"

"There is going to be no suicide—not if I know my duty. And anyhow, if it was a woman, one sausage drives down another, and Donna Azuceira is joining us at Dilly to go down to Surabaya." Huygens looked in the glass again and passed his fingers over his glistening hair.

The captain brought down both hands with a crash. "That is bad news."

"Why, she is a very charming—"

"Yes-yes-yes. Yes, she is quite that. But—what about the weather?"

Huygens stared. " The glass is all right," he said. In these seas there was seldom any need, other than that of ship routine, to look at the barometer.

" Yes-yes, the glass is all right, and the sky is all right; but there is something not right, all the same. I feel it here." He took his hands off the piano and smote himself on the chest.

Huygens waited, the suspicion of a sneer on his handsome mouth. He had come down to the saloon to give his report. He was convinced that the weather was normal and likely to remain so. But captains were—captains. When he got his command— There; Van Dorp was taking a packet of photographs from his pocket; one would have to listen to all his sentimentality about *mevrouw* and the children—again.

" My wife and daughters and my two little sons," the captain said, leafing over the bundle like a pack of cards. " I felt that I had to look at them today. When we start on a voyage, which of us knows that he will ever see his loved ones again, except their pale faces in a picture? "

The chief officer thought: " He doesn't drink; if he did, one could understand it. If there is anything I hate, it is that psychic sort of stuff." . . . " I have to report, sir—" (" I wish he wouldn't play the piano all the time I'm talking! ")

" Well," said the captain, rising, " my orders are not to speak to the Englishman about this ship story. It would not be good for him—or maybe for you."

Huygens left sulkily. " A ship without a purser," he thought, " is a curse. Why does he talk as if I believed that stuff? I should not believe it if the ' ship that runs herself ' came right across our bows. As for the weather—" He was not quite easy about that. Van Dorp was known to be weatherwise.

Later, on the bridge, he thought of the story as he swung idly to and fro. It had been current about the Lesser Sundas for a good many years. A ship, a little ship, that ran herself; no officers, no crew. A table laid on deck, after the fashion of those seas. Places for three. Nobody at that table.

They said it was ill luck if you saw her. Ill luck! What modern ship's officer believed in such nonsense?

The afternoon had waned. From the bridge the mate saw, as he had seen a thousand times, seas dappled with blood and gold, fierce clouds that piled themselves into gigantic and wicked splendor. You might have thought that Flores, far astern, that evil Sumbawa and her dark sister Lombok, were all together spewing out red lava, spreading their frightful parasols of plum-black vapor deadly to life. But it was only the common sunset of those strange regions near the Line, ending the furious day and ushering in black-hot night.

YOU could still see clearly toward the west, where Timor's dragon heads were out of the way. There the sea was palish gold, with a running ripple that dazzled the eyes. Huygens, pausing in his mechanical walk, stared out to westward. Was there any ship due about this time? He knew there was not, but he ran over in his mind the names and places of the boats that rarely crossed those seas. No, there was nothing due. The Amsterdam had the Timor Sea to herself.

Yet he could almost have sworn (but the ripple dazzled him) that something low and black had crossed that belt of brilliance. Crossed it and disappeared.

He reached for his binoculars and looked again. There was nothing. Only the unbearable dazzle of the sunset on the oily sea. Only—

Huygens swore suddenly and sharply. Something had flitted across the field of the glasses and vanished, as a moth vanishes when you turn to catch it, in the uncertain dusk. It was gone, but he had seen it. It had the likeness of a small steamer, dark painted, with empty decks. On the after deck something white and long.

Had he seen it? He lowered the glasses and called himself a fool. " That confounded passenger," he said, " and too much smoking! I shall have to cut down my cigars. The captain is always picking at me, as it is."

Almost immediately, dark came. The Amsterdam rolled on a heavy, unaccountable swell. When the mate left the bridge he glanced mechanically at the barometer. It gave him an unpleasant shock. Down! Why, it had absolutely dived.

" If we were in the hurricane belt—but we are not," he told himself as he prepared for dinner. Before going to dine he looked again. The glass was going up.

" It is mad," he thought; and then: " I wish I was back on the Sydney run; you knew where you were, there."

JIM DAWSON, for once, was talkative that night. To the coldly attentive officers grouped about the table on deck he told a story of a friend of his who claimed to have seen the Flying Dutchman off the Cape. It was received in silence. Everyone had heard the captain's orders, and no one knew what to say. The Malay waiters glided soundlessly along the deck, serving; the sea slapped the steamer's sides. It was quite dark; beyond the electric lights you saw only black upon black deeper still. There were no stars.

Dawson, conscious of his unappreciative audience, cut the story short: " Said it was like a flash of lightning—just come and gone again, clear as day. He believed all his life he'd seen it."

The captain set down his glass firmly. " There are things happen at sea," he began—and checked himself. " Things not worth talking about. Good navigation, bad navigation; that is all there is."

Dawson said: " No one else survived."

The gap in the story yawned, but nobody made comments. The captain rose heavily from his chair. " I am going on the bridge," he said. " I dare say the third can find time for a game of cards with you. Tomorrow," he said, " we shall have a lady."

Dawson was not much interested. Nothing interested him greatly nowadays. Women, attracted by his tall figure, his hard brown face with blue eyes like bits of blue stone, had made advances to him on the way out from England. More than one lace handkerchief had figuratively been cast at his feet. It had always ended in the picking up of the handkerchief by the owner; in vexed, piqued remarks: He hadn't " any blood in his veins "; he was " the sort of man who would never marry "—according to the intentions, honorable or otherwise, of the owner of the handkerchief.

They were all wrong. Dawson had red blood in him, and Dawson had been married. . . . For an afternoon and an evening, three months past.

Jim had always been rather sudden in his affections; he was prudent in business but not in life. When he married the " raving little beauty " whom he had casually met with her mother at Brighton, he did so all in a hurry, without inquiries as to family. What did that matter? Jetta was herself: an orphan, father dead, no brothers or sisters. So much the better.

Jetta was terribly excited on her wedding day. Jetta's mother seemed uneasy. It was she who had hurried on the match, but now she was full of warnings: " Don't let her get upset. Quiet her down if you can. She's such a sensitive plant."

Jim laughed. He knew Jetta better than anyone in the world—so he was convinced until, that night in London, he came to his bride's room, and found no bride there. The room was on the seventh floor of the hotel. A long way down, in the court below, they found her body wrecked—Jetta's beautiful body.

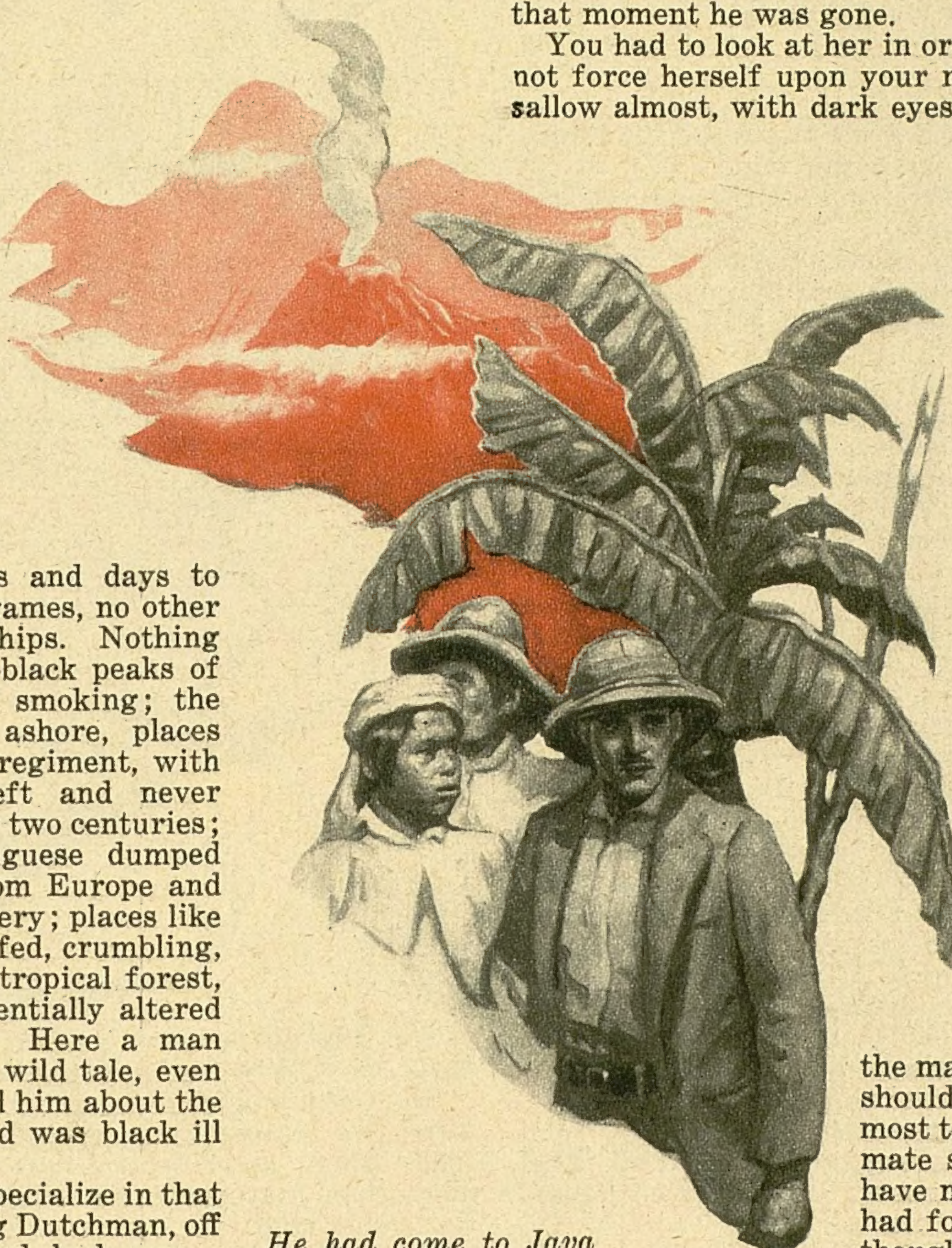
It all came out at the inquest. The mother, of an unsound stock herself, had married her cousin. He died insane, and she was left with three insane sons to support in various asylums, and one daughter—Jetta.

She had wept at the inquest. " How was I to keep four —if she went too? " the semifoolish creature had asked. To answer that question she had eaten up Jim Dawson's life.

Here at the end of the world, for the first time, he was beginning to forget. He could have wished that no woman were coming on board. They said she was beautiful, a youngish widow, owner of plantations in Portuguese Timor. She had a manager who was in love with her, and she would not marry him. It was said that they were more than friends, and it was said again that they weren't. The mate, with Dutch candor, remarked that he rather thought the last was true; but anyhow, if it was, they were both mad.

"No business of mine," thought Dawson, lying on his chair and looking out, next day, at the strangely dusk and threatening skies of the Timor Sea. There wasn't much light this morning. Usually it half blinded you, here on the after deck where passengers were carried, old style, in these seas. And what strange seas they were! How far back you went, into the nineteenth century or farther, traveling leisurely, with days and days to spare. No wireless, no games, no other passengers, no passing ships. Nothing but the green and plum-black peaks of the volcanoes ominously smoking; the queer forgotten places ashore, places where half a Hollander regiment, with its wives, had been left and never thought of again for near two centuries; places where the Portuguese dumped down their criminals from Europe and let them go back to savagery; places like ancient Dilly, set red-roofed, crumbling, in the midst of choking tropical forest, a town that had not essentially altered since the Middle Ages. Here a man could believe almost any wild tale, even the tale the mate had told him about the ship that ran herself and was black ill luck to see.

The Dutch seemed to specialize in that sort of thing. The Flying Dutchman, off the Cape, that his friend had seen—that countless sailors said they had seen through passing centuries. And now this modern ship. A curious tale.



He had come to Java on business for his engineering company.

Dawson was half asleep. The deck was quiet. It never seemed to be otherwise on this ship that almost, like the phantom, could be said to run herself. Through half-closed eyes he looked at the lead-purple water; at the clouds, coppery, piled in sinister towers. And through those eyes, and through another sense that had no name, he became aware that there was a ship a long way off: a small ship running swiftly, too far away for him to see any detail. Yet he did see detail. That other sense showed him, in one vivid flash, an after deck like the Amsterdam's, only much smaller; a table like the table beside him, laid for three. . . .

It was gone so quickly that he wasn't sure it had been there at all. In another minute he was quite sure that it had not. He got up and began to pace the deck.

"Am I going the way she went?" he thought.

HUYGENS came out of the raffle of Malays, buffaloes, parrots, ponies, and pigs that made up the passenger space forward. "Seen any phantom ships?" Dawson asked him, half humorously. He was astonished at the reply. "No, I haven't," snapped the mate. And Dawson, wondering, saw him snatch a half-smoked cigar from his mouth and fling it overboard.

On that day Donna Azuceira came to the ship. And Dawson did the very last thing that he would have thought possible, though it was the first that might have been predicted by any woman wise in the ways of men. He fell in love.

He did not know it at first—not until he saw the mate begin to preen his plumes, cast long looks from those amber-gray eyes, of which he so well knew the value, toward the woman who had come to join their little company. "Huygens would make love to a broomstick in petticoats," he thought indignantly. And he drew himself up, reminded himself of the women on board the big liner, and looked at Donna Caterina seriously. And from that moment he was gone.

You had to look at her in order to find her out; she did not force herself upon your notice. She was very pale, sallow almost, with dark eyes and hair like black velvet. Portuguese type, Spanish type, romantic southern type.

Age? He could not guess. Not very young, but assuredly not old—with those eyes. When she looked up, you could not see anything but eyes; they extinguished the rest of her face. White teeth—very white. Small figure—she was like a bird. A man of his size could take her up in his two hands, just as you might take a bird, with its dark feathers fluttering and its little heart beating hard. Take it, and be good to it.

That was the thought that came. Because he knew at once, he who had suffered so, that Caterina Azuceira was suffering too.

ALMOST at once a competition arose between the mate and Dawson as to which should have the honor of talking most to Donna Azuceira. But the mate seemed, all of a sudden, to have more ship duty than he had had for the past two weeks; and though he snatched every possible chance of hanging about the new passenger's chair, Dawson, with his unending leisure, had the better of him. And the lady was so accessible. Unlike an Englishwoman, she asked for no games, no amusements, never walked the deck round and round. She seemed content to lie all day in her long chair, watching the water as the Amsterdam went gliding, hour after hour, through the heavy purple stillness that had settled down on the Timor Sea.

Dawson, feeling that he must somehow arouse this soft creature's interest—if one wasn't as young or as handsome as Huygens, one had one's own resources—struck on the idea of telling her about his friend, the friend who had seen the Flying Dutchman off the Cape.

It had an unexpected success. No chilly inattention marred the story this time. Caterina Azuceira hung upon his words, her eyes growing larger and larger as he spoke, her small hands fluttering against the lace of her dress.

"I can't account for these things," Dawson concluded, "but lots of people believe they happen. Some damned soul—beg pardon; not swearing, you know—lost and wandering about, kept down by the bad things it did in this world. That's the idea. If there are souls or anything of that kind," he hedged, being like most Englishmen afraid of committing himself to any pious opinion.

Caterina sat upright in her chair.

"But of course!" she said. "Of course there are souls that wander, and the Dutch know something about them—a race as cold, as material, as the frogs in their own swamps! Yet so it has been willed. The apparition you speak of, and others, are known to them. They are the greatest seamen—"

"Oh, come!" remonstrated the Englishman.

"But yes, you are babies compared. And the secrets of that unknown world, the ocean, have always been first known by them. Now, in these very seas—"

"Oh, you've heard that too?"

"Everyone here has, but most will say it is a lie. I know it is not. No, I have not seen. I would give my life if I had."

"Why on earth?"

She did not answer. She waved in silence the gilded palm-leaf fan that was always in her hand.

When she spoke again, Dawson felt the subject had been, very delicately, changed.

"You find this quiet voyage good? You have been ill?"

In answer he told her, simply and plainly, what had happened to him and why he was wandering alone at the ends of earth.

She heard him, nodding her head a little, as if she knew it all, understood everything; and in the starlight he felt a small cool hand slide over his, lie for a minute, and flutter away from his suddenly tightened hold.

"I understand," she said. "I have lost."

"Yes. They said you were a widow—your husband was drowned."

"I do not know," bitterly she answered. "It is what I would give my life to know, because—you may have heard—there is someone else."

JIM DAWSON was instantly sure that the "someone" must be a poor fellow—not worthy of this lovely soul. Another kind of man. But she was going on:

"When I was only eighteen, my Joao, my husband, ran away with my friend Ana. I don't think anyone was ever so innocent as I was. I did not know her for the black heart that she was—in spite of that face of hers. Ana was a Dutch girl, fair as a daisy. All the men loved her when she simply looked at them. The Austrian, the rich man who was visiting Dilly, loved her too, and I thought—But it was Joao she went with. On the Austrian's yacht, the Maria Theresa. And where I never heard."

"But, I say—ships are heard of; they can't—"

"My friend, it was the first year of the war. Who knows what happened to any ship then? And all these years, now twelve," she went on, "I have loved Sebastiano—"

"The plantation manager?"

"Yes; the husband of Ana. I don't say there has never been anyone for him, because men are always men. But it is me only he has loved. And I have waited, always said no to him. And all these years it has been as if the tears are coming forever, day and night, if I did not always hold them back as the Dutch child with his little hand held back the rent in the dike that should have drowned all Holland. I think I am that child. If once I lift my hand"—she struck both hands passionately together—"then the tears come like a sea, they wash away the dike, and all goes down. I am an evil woman, like Ana. I can no more kneel at the altar of my church. I am done."

Dawson said: "I understand. I know all about that keeping your hand tight down on something and wondering how long it'll hold. If I had let go I'd have done what Jetta did. Or, at least, I think I might have."

There was silence for a minute. Nothing was visible, on the darkened deck of the ship, save two indefinite shapes where the chairs were set; no sound came save the steady tramp of the engines down below, and forward the faint twanging of a Malay guitar.

"And you don't feel," Dawson said, "that you could marry again without proof?"

"If the bar had not been double— But it is his wife and my husband, maybe both living. If it had been only one—I don't know."

Dawson quietly said, "I'll give you my advice, but not now."

Something in his tone seemed to strike Donna Azuceira. She turned her head in the darkness. "You are kind," she said.

The tense moment vanished; they were two passengers only, telling each other, as ship travelers do, more than they would have told to anyone on land.

Huygens came down the deck. "Will you come to dinner, madame?" he said in his silky voice. "We are not waiting for the captain tonight."

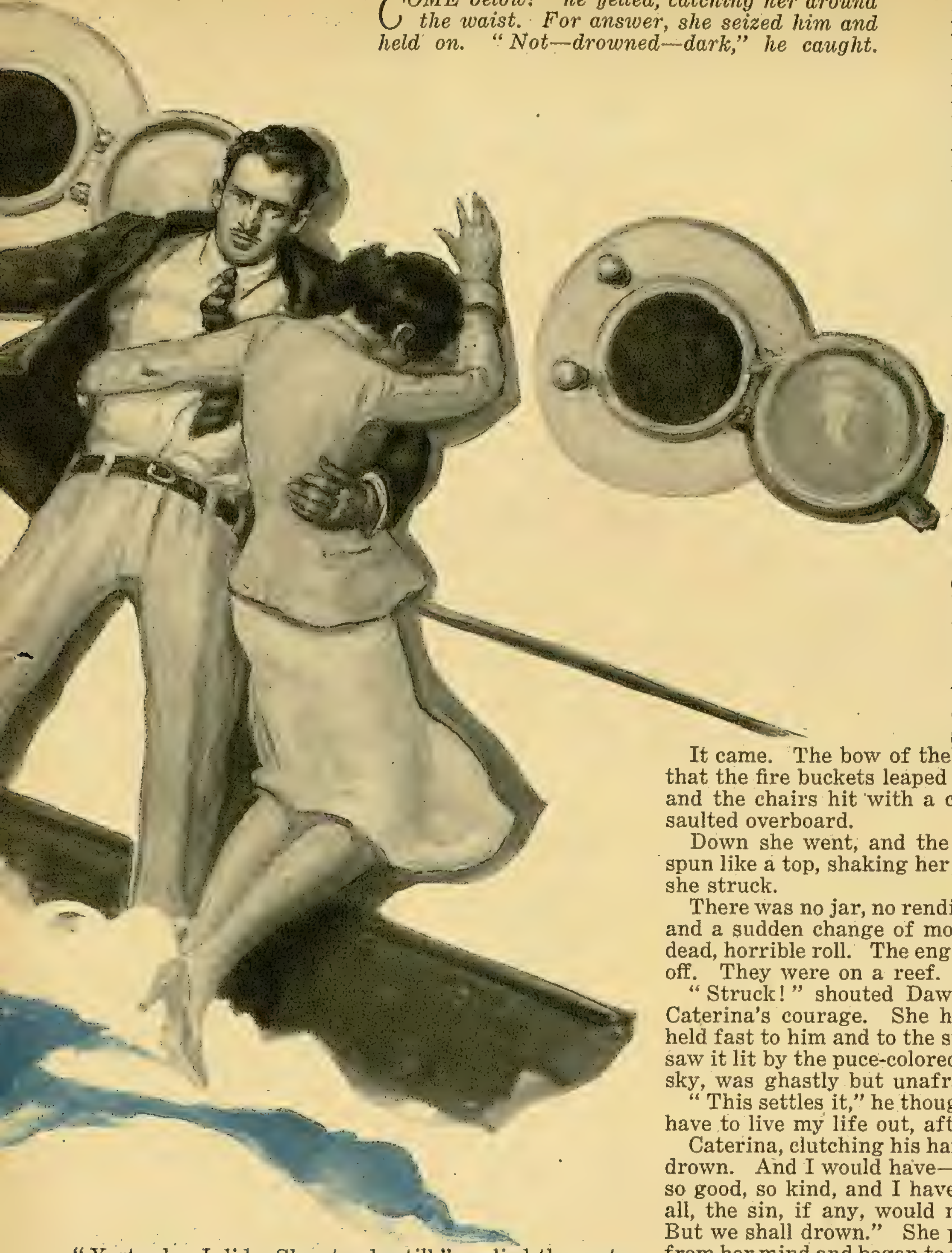
All dinner time it was Huygens' innings. He made Dawson realize just what five years younger and fifty per cent better looks might stand for in a woman's eyes. He charmed Donna Azuceira as a snake with amiable intentions might charm a rather indifferent bird. Dawson didn't seriously fear him, but the mate's attentions at least had one effect: that of keying his rival up to present resolve.

He left the table determined to try his fate, sooner or later. Too soon yet, of course; but southern romance was never long a-doing, and it would be a double triumph to cut out Huygens and Sebastiano at one stroke.

HE camped on deck that night. It was chokingly hot in the cabins down below. Waking, he saw the stars reel over and under the ship's rail as she dipped to the lengthening swing of the Timor seas. He saw the bulk of Timor, huge, lurking, like a dinosaur asleep, blot out the sky to port, and starboard the long teeth of Flores slicing the sunk moon. Waking again toward dawn, he saw, above those peaks, a faint glow spreading, a light like sparks in tinder beginning to run and creep. Idly he wondered what it might be, turned over, and slept again.

Huygens next day was hardly to be seen. He and the captain kept together. There was no talk now of children, sweethearts, or wives. They knew that it was time to fight for wives and sweethearts, not to talk.

"Did you put the clip on the saloon barometer?" the captain asked.



"COME below!" he yelled, catching her around the waist. For answer, she seized him and held on. "Not—drowned—dark," he caught.

"Yesterday I did. She stands still," replied the mate. ("Doesn't he think I know the routine of a passenger ship?")

On the deck, Caterina Azuceira managed to intercept the mate.

"Is anything going to happen?" she said, staring with all her big eyes at the purplish-dun-colored haze that was creeping across the sky, at the thin lines of fire that began to show upon the summits of beautiful, wicked Flores.

Huygens threw her a look from which the factitious sweetness had altogether died. He was estimating her courage.

"There may be some little disturbance, madame," he answered, watching her. She said no more; but Huygens saw her fingers slip inside her bodice, feeling for the little gold crucifix that hung there by a chain.

He got away from her as soon as he could. Dawson, who was coming up from the saloon, saw him, and saw that he himself was being avoided. "Something up," a sixth sense told him.

At once he went to Caterina (it was "Caterina" now, in his thoughts). He found her as usual in her chair. She had a rosary of pearl in her hands; it was slipping, bead by bead, through her pale fingers.

"Don't let me interrupt—" he was beginning, when the words were snatched from his mouth by a shout of thunder that seemed to tear the world in two. Lightning leaped after, in cataracts, in swords, in corkscrews—lightning such as Dawson had never dreamed of and could scarcely believe in when he saw it. A wave struck the Amsterdam and lifted her bows so high that Dawson and Caterina, overset together, found themselves rolling down the deck and only stopped from going overboard by the after rail.

"COME below!" he yelled in her ear, staggering to his feet and catching her around the waist. For answer, she seized him and held on. "Not—drowned—dark," he caught through the continuous bellow of the thunder—but was it thunder? "She doesn't want to be drowned in the dark," he thought. "Nor do I." They clung together, sure that worse was coming.

It came. The bow of the ship went up again, so high that the fire buckets leaped off the top of the deck house and the chairs hit with a crash on the rail and somersaulted overboard.

Down she went, and the stern rose till the propeller spun like a top, shaking her through and through. Then she struck.

There was no jar, no rending. Only an enormous bump and a sudden change of motion from crazy reeling to a dead, horrible roll. The engines had stopped or been shut off. They were on a reef.

"Struck!" shouted Dawson, marveling the while at Caterina's courage. She had not once screamed. She held fast to him and to the stanchion; and her face, as he saw it lit by the puce-colored, fiery streams that filled the sky, was ghastly but unafraid.

"This settles it," he thought. "We're going. I shan't have to live my life out, after all, with her or without."

Caterina, clutching his hand, thought: "Now we shall drown. And I would have—I would have done it. He is so good, so kind, and I have been too lonely. And after all, the sin, if any, would not have been a twofold sin. But we shall drown." She put the thought of him away from her mind and began to murmur prayers.

It was Dawson who realized first that there was to be no drowning. Incredibly the engines had started; the ship was under way again. He could see her white wake streaming in the rear. Hadn't they struck? Had they got off? Well, they were going, anyhow!

"I think it's all right," he shouted. It was easier now to speak and to hear.

Donna Azuceira roused herself, looked around.

"*Jesu!*" she said. "It has been an undersea volcano."

"A what?"

"Underseas. I know these places. See, there is Flores all streaming with fire down the sides. That is not enough to harm us here, but in the sea below something has exploded like a gun. Without doubt Flores has been the cause. Since it did not destroy us at one blow, we are perhaps safe."

"We must have missed it by a few hundred yards," he said, steadying himself and her against the violent rolling of the still perturbed ship.

"If we had not we should have opened out like a basket and sunk."

"But we have escaped, and no one is hurt."

“It has missed us—as a knife thrown sometimes grazes your hand and does no harm. My friend, these seas are full of darkness; strange things happen. Ah, if I were away!”

It had to come—too soon by days; but, as Caterina herself had said, strange things happened in these seas. Jim Dawson was already holding Caterina so tight that he could not hold her tighter; but he bent his head and, with his lips close to hers, said: “Come away—together.”

Then he kissed her. She kissed him back with frankness, something of passion, and just a little awkwardness. “That woman,” he thought, “hasn't been kissed for quite a long while. I wonder what sort of sawney Sebastiano—” But he remembered the story of the child and the dike, and understood. “Well, I'm as unmarried as anyone well could be,” he told himself, “and as to her Joao, he's eaten by fishes long ago, I'd swear.” . . . “What about it, sweetheart?” he said aloud.

“There is the mate!” she said, drawing back a little from his arms.

“Damn the mate!” Dawson pardonably said. He released her.

Huygens said: “The captain asks me to tell you we are all right. It was a submarine explosion; but, so far as we know, no serious damage has been done. Nobody hurt even, except the man who can't be killed.”

Dawson, blackly furious, made no answer; but Donna Azuceira politely asked, “And who is that?”

“One of the Malay passengers—a fellow from the mountain tribes. He was wrecked here in a prau or something, years ago, and stabbed into the bargain, thrown overboard in the storm, and escaped it all alive; everyone else drowned. So the Malays called him the man who could not be killed. But I think he has been hurt rather badly. He says he can't be killed, when you ask him what's the matter, and won't let himself be examined. Still, he looks not too well.”

“I will go and see him,” Caterina said.

Dawson went with her to the foredeck, where the Malay passengers, in the midst of a tumbled raffle of pigs, ponies, buffaloes, cockatoos, and children, were collecting their wrecked belongings. Somewhat apart, his back against the coaming of a hatchway, sat the “man who could not be killed,” a dark wild tribesman from the Timor ranges, glittering and jingling with silver coins and crescent moons. He made as if to rise; but Caterina motioned him back, sat down upon the deck beside him, and began to talk in Malay.

Dawson had picked up a few words; he guessed in general that she was asking the man about himself, telling him to go and lie down in a quiet place, offering him help of some kind. The Timor man, gray-pale beneath his dark skin, stared at her silently and shook his head. All the coins jingled; the silver crescents swung.

Dawson found himself thinking, “That chap has about done with his money; he's hurt internally, and bad.”

THE man began to speak, first slowly, and then so quickly that Dawson had no chance of following. It was as if he had something to say that must be said—must be got through before he was interrupted. And all three now knew who the interrupter would be. Not Huygens, the mate, this time.

Dawson, watching Caterina's face, saw it change, turn color. Her mouth fell open, her hands were clenched. She asked swift questions; swiftly was answered. He heard the words “Maria Theresa”; and at that she cried passionately, “*Ah, Dios!*” The Timor man reached forward, made as if to strike with an invisible dagger, and suddenly fell upon his face on the littered deck.

“He's gone,” said Dawson. “Poor chap! Come away; the crew will attend to him.” For form's sake, he turned the body over, felt the heart. The Timor man was dead.

To Caterina, who had begun to cry, he said soothingly: “Come below; you're wet; you'll have to change. And by and by perhaps you'll tell me—”

She interrupted. “Now—now!” she said, still sobbing a little. “I can't keep a thing like that; it would be holding a scorpion in my hand.” Yet she looked happy through all her tears—perilously happy, Dawson felt, for his own prospects. It was no thought of him that had put that light into her eyes.

Leaning across the saloon table in a hot dusk, with the sounds of repair going on overhead—trampling, hammering, shouting—and the ship gradually quieting down to her usual steady run, Caterina told him the story of the Timor man:

“This man has always lied about the accident. It was no prau, it was a white man's yacht; but he was afraid to speak, lest he should be killed. But I think he knew he was really dying, and when he guessed who I was he said, ‘I will tell you; I will tell the truth.’

“VON REICHENBACH took Ana and my husband Joao in his yacht, pretending to be their friend. But when they were well away he made love to Ana; he was mad for her—as were all men. And the two men fought—*Dios*, but they fought! First with the tongue, and then, one night, with knives.

“It was at dinner. They were all three on the after deck at table, and the Timor man was steward. There were six others, Malays, on the little yacht.

“Joao and von Reichenbach seized the table knives, screaming and cursing one another. But the Austrian got the carving knife, and it was sharpest. So when they fought, the Austrian killed Joao.

“Then when it was done Ana cried: ‘You fool, how are we to get into any port now? For the crew will tell.’ ‘They will never tell,’ said von Reichenbach. ‘When we get to the first port, they will all have died of plague.’ And he took his two pistols, and she came after him with the carving knife to make sure. And through the ship they went, and left not one alive—so they thought.

“But the Timor man was thrown overboard with life in him, and he drifted to an island. And when he was found, with a pistol and a knife wound, he made up a story, being afraid to tell. So—”

“Did they actually get away?” cried Dawson.

She shook her head.

“There was a small explosion of Sumbawa about then; it caused disturbances in these seas, and a tidal wave that destroyed everything afloat. But the evil lives here where it was done, and sometimes when a Malay prau meets the shadow of a ship, with three places empty at a table, they know that ill luck is near.”

“Why the empty three places?” Dawson asked.

Caterina's black eyes shot lightning. “But that is plain!” she cried. “How can doomed souls come out of hell? It is enough for me to know that I am truly a widow and Sebastiano is a widower.”

“And where do I come in?” Dawson asked roughly.

Caterina placed a coaxing, pretty hand upon his arm. “Ah, my very dear friend,” she said—“are you not friend enough to rejoice in my happiness?”

Huygens came down. “The captain,” he said, “is busy writing letters to his family, to say we have been saved by a miracle. He believes in all sorts of things. He believes that nonsense about the phantom ship, although he's never seen it.”

“But you? Have you ever—”

The mate looked at her comically. “Oh, as for me, there's no doubt that I smoke too much.” . . .

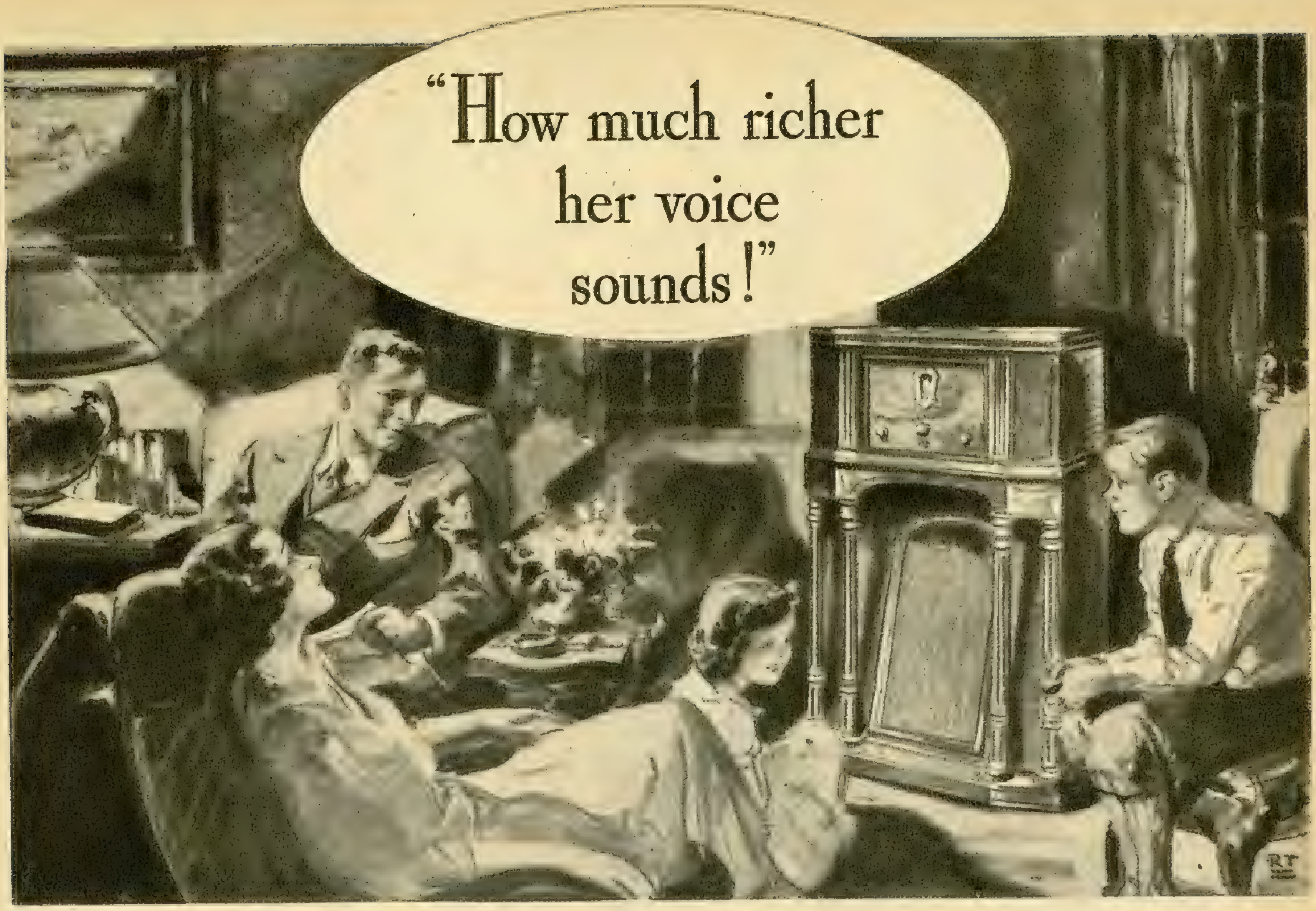
Surabaya, and the quay, and the huge, hot shining city about Jim Dawson's car; the Amsterdam almost forgotten; Caterina, her loves and sorrows, drifting away from memory. Through Dawson's mind a broken line from Browning sprang from nowhere:

“There's plenty . . . there's plenty . . . something . . . somewhere in the world.”

Plenty what? Sapphires? Silver? Something precious; that was all one could remember.

Yes, there was. There was plenty of everything good! He laughed. The car ran on.

THE END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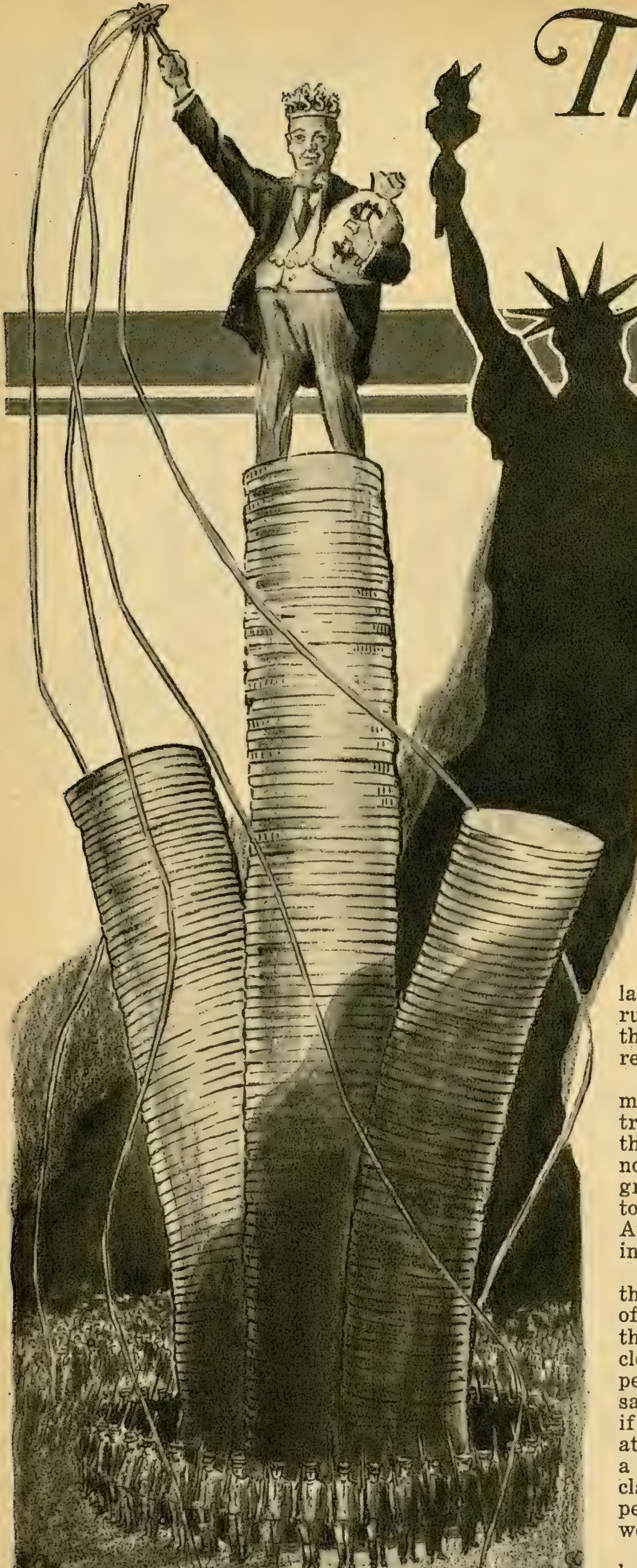
BURTON K. WHEELER



The international bankers fight bimetallism because it will be hard for them to control both metals. The smaller a currency's base is, the easier it is to control.

(Reading time: 16 minutes 50 seconds.)

DICTATORSHIP!

That is the present aim of Big Business. It is whispered in the lobbies of Congress and in chambers of commerce. Big Business, by its lack of foresight and its insatiable greed, has almost ruined the country. What warrant is there for believing that the very men who are responsible for our plight can redeem us from the depression?

There may be times, as in war, when the supreme command must rest in one hand. But the command is intrusted to the commander in chief on the supposition that he acts for the common weal. The men who would now seize control of the government and relegate Congress to innocuous desuetude pursue their object solely to strengthen their own strangle hold upon the wealth of America. If they secured power, they would use it to intrench special privilege even more strongly.

Realizing that they cannot attain their end by force, they attempt by subtle propaganda to seduce the leaders of the farm movement and the leaders of labor. To lull the suspicions of the public at large, they disseminate clouds of poison gas against the representatives of the people. A year ago, when Congress was in session, the same interests raised a hue and cry that all would be well if Congress would only adjourn. The propaganda started at the top of our financial structure. It was continued at a tremendous pressure until it seeped down to the middle class. Through the newspapers, through magazines, the pernicious doctrine was promulgated that democracy would be safe if its spokesmen were silenced.

Congress adjourned. And straightway the situation became even more critical than it had been before. Facing insolvency, the overlords of business now demanded that Congress come back to save the country, that is to say, to save their wrecked banks and their ruined railroads. Congress did come back and passed practically everything that Big Business asked through its great White Father in Washington. But when we refused to accept the sales tax, and insisted upon relief for unem-

ER LINING

Picture by
Clyde Prettyman

GOLD
SILVER

ployment, they raised the same hue and cry as once before and said that, having balanced the budget, we should leave everything else to Hoover and his twelve apostles. They did not see the unconscious humor in this proposition. Almost every one of the twelve has nearly destroyed a great industry or a great financial system. Not one of them had the ability to trim his sails in time before the approaching storm. In the campaign to discredit Congress the meanest weapons were not despised. The impression was created that every Congressman is a grafter for accepting mileage fees, which have been legal appurtenances of the two Houses since the beginning of the Republic. We were accused of irresolution and incompetence because we could not, overnight, rescue business from the bottomless pit which it dug for itself.

Various schemes were evolved to set up a dictatorship in disguise. One of these, the resuscitation of the wartime Committee on National Defense, was too brazen even for Mr. Hoover. Though turned down by the President, the scheme has been revived under various aliases. One of the agricultural leaders, John A. Simpson of the Farmers' Union, was approached by an emissary of the financial group with the suggestion that it would be desirable to set up a council of defense to steer the country during the absence of Congress. "Give us a committee strong enough to dictate," the emissary said, "and commodity prices will rise at once." Simpson refused to be bluffed. "If," he replied, "you attempt to create a dictatorship when Congress adjourns, our farmers will fetch their muskets and revolt."

Emissaries of the same group attempted to inveigle labor. "Give us," they pleaded, "a strong steering committee, and business everywhere will begin to flourish. There will be jobs all around." The idea was to create some commissions with autocratic powers, ostensibly with the backing of labor and agriculture.

I DO not know if labor leaders have been seduced by these financial sirens. In a time like this Congress should remain permanently in session, ready for any emergency. It should not have adjourned as it did. In spite of Mr. Hoover's solicitude, Congress is able to hold its own against lobbyists from all camps. Mr. Hoover coined the phrase about lobbyists descending upon Congress like locusts. He said nothing about locusts when the lobbyists of Big Business swarmed into Washington to demand legislation designed to extricate the captains of finance from their rout. But when the representatives of the farmers, of the unemployed, and of the World War veterans appeared, Mr. Hoover suddenly found his voice.

I fear for what is going to happen in this country unless we treat all classes of citizens in exactly the same way. If we pursue our present course, ruin waits at the end of the road. The people of the country, those suffering upon the farms, those dependent upon the Red Cross in the Middle West and the Southwest, the men who see their families without adequate clothes, their children without adequate schooling, will not submit to such a condition indefinitely. Congress is deaf to the men who walk the streets because they cannot get any employment, to the men who came back from the war crippled, and to their comrades. But it readily appropriates money for nonessentials. Such a thing, I said in the Senate, is not fair, it is not just; and sooner or later, if we continue in that policy, someone will have to suffer for it.

Senator Moses, stung by my remarks, called them "a direct incentive to revolution." I did not permit that statement to stand unchallenged. A revolution is the last thing in the world that I want to bring on. What I am seeking to do is to prevent violent upheavals by seeing to it that the masses of our people fare as well at the hands of the Congress of this nation as some of the Wall Street interests and bankers and insurance companies who have come to us begging for special favors and left us, their pockets stuffed with the people's money, doled out to them through various finance corporations.

THERE is, as yet, no serious danger of a revolution. Revolution is alien to our temperament. The Red specter is raised largely by Big Business itself. In order to prepare the way for a dictatorship its henchmen are breeding the same sort of hysteria that prevailed during the war. Under the pressure of this hysteria the people lose their sense of proportion and ask Congress to violate the Constitution and the principles upon which this government rests.

Unless a way is found to thwart the depression, a wave of popular discontent will sweep away those who govern us. The problem that confronts us can be explained largely in terms of arithmetic. The expense of government is too high, and the income of the nation, measured by the artificial standards forced upon us by the international money lords, is too low. The fixed charges of the government are, roundly, twenty billion dollars a year. This charge remains practically unaltered after all the pruning of Congress. But the national income has shrunk; it is about half as much in 1932 as it was in 1921. With this reduced income we cannot meet the fixed charges, pay our living expenses, and honestly balance our budget.

Congress so far has applied only emergency bandages to the mortal wounds from which our lifeblood flows.

Two roads lead out of the valley of depression. One is the long and dolorous road of bankruptcy, a scaling down of debts both at home and abroad. After everybody is bankrupt we can start again from scratch. The other is the road of inflation. The mildly inflationist policy which the government has pursued by buying one hundred million dollars' worth of its own bonds every week has failed to lift prices. More drastic methods are needed. We must find a way of paying off our debts with the same kind of dollar which we received when the debts were contracted. We must, above all, resuscitate the farmer from his debt. Unless we restore his purchasing power, industry, too, must languish. The mortgaged indebtedness on the farms, not to speak of taxes, of this country increased from four billion dollars in 1910 to more than eight billions in 1932. Add to this the farmers' private debts, that are not a matter of public record, and the total indebtedness on which the farmers are paying interest would total not less than nine billions. The interest, figured at 5 per cent, amounts to $450,000,000 a year. Since the average wheat crop of the United States is only 800,000,000 bushels, and the farmers' price this fall was less than fifty cents a bushel, it is obvious that the total wheat crop for 1931 would pay less than the farmers' interest on their borrowed money. At twenty-five cents a bushel, which was all some of the Western farmers could get for their wheat, it would take more than double the entire wheat crop of the United States to pay the farmers' interest on borrowed capital for one year!

The solution of the farm problem cannot be brought about by loaning the farmer more money at high rates of interest. The great banking interests of this country may be able to make more money temporarily by loaning money to Europe at high rates of interest instead of helping to finance farmers in this country at low rates of interest. But they will learn that it probably makes for greater security to rescue the American farmer than to bolster up tottering foreign governments.

Acme photo

Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana is Congress's foremost advocate of remonetization of silver. In this article he propounds his reasons for believing it the one trustworthy cure for the depression, certain to relieve the farmer debtor and revive trade; and his answers to such objections to bimetallism as were raised against Bryan and "16 to 1."

Here is what the national party platforms have to say concerning silver:

Democratic	*Republican*
"We advocate a sound currency to be preserved at all hazards, and an international monetary conference called on the invitation of our government to consider the rehabilitation of silver and related questions."	"We favor the participation by the United States in an international conference to consider matters relating to monetary questions, including the position of silver, and [to consider] possible coöperative action."

DURING prosperous times, when the farmers borrowed money, farm products sold for three and four times what they will bring today. The present deflation makes it necessary for the farmer to give at least 300 per cent more bushels of wheat or corn or bales of cotton than were required in happier days. If a woman borrowed from her neighbor in the spring of the year one dozen eggs when their market value was only twenty-five cents per dozen, she would object to returning the eggs in the winter when the market value was one dollar per dozen. In like manner the farmer who borrows money in times of inflation to the value of five thousand bushels of wheat objects to paying back that loan during a period of deflation with fifteen thousand bushels. The deflation has the effect of increasing his loan to three or four times its former commodity value.

If loans were made as freely in times of depression as in times of inflation, then the two periods would equalize each other and no injustice would be done. But inasmuch as loans are made only in times of inflation, it is only just to the debtor that he should be allowed to pay his debt with inflated money. Only through inflating or making the dollar as cheap as when he borrowed it will the farmer ever be able to get out of debt. Wage-workers who object to inflation because it increases the cost of living should not forget that inflation will at least put men to work, while a prolonged deflation will rob them of their jobs.

Unless we make the dollar cheaper or products higher I can see little hope for the return of prosperity. There is no way out of our difficulty except to cheapen the dollar. We can do it by issuing more paper money. But this method, as we have seen from the example of Europe, is fraught with peril, because there is no limit to the amount of paper that can be printed. Unlimited inflation would exhaust our national credit.

MOREOVER, the inflation of bank credits and paper currency will not materially benefit the farmer, who must sell his commodities, such as wheat and cotton, upon the world markets and compete with the farmers of Russia and India. It would be a positive injury to the farmer to raise the price level of things he must buy while at the same time doing nothing to increase the value of his wheat and cotton, which is governed by world conditions over which we have no control.

There is, however, another method. We can draw upon silver to strengthen our currency. We can pull our chariot out of the ditch of depression by harnessing silver to gold. We can overcome the deficiency by returning to the principle of bimetallism under which this nation prospered until 1873. It was not only Bryan, urging the coining of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, who was a bimetallist. His opponent, McKinley, was a bimetallist until he was taken in hand by Mark Hanna.

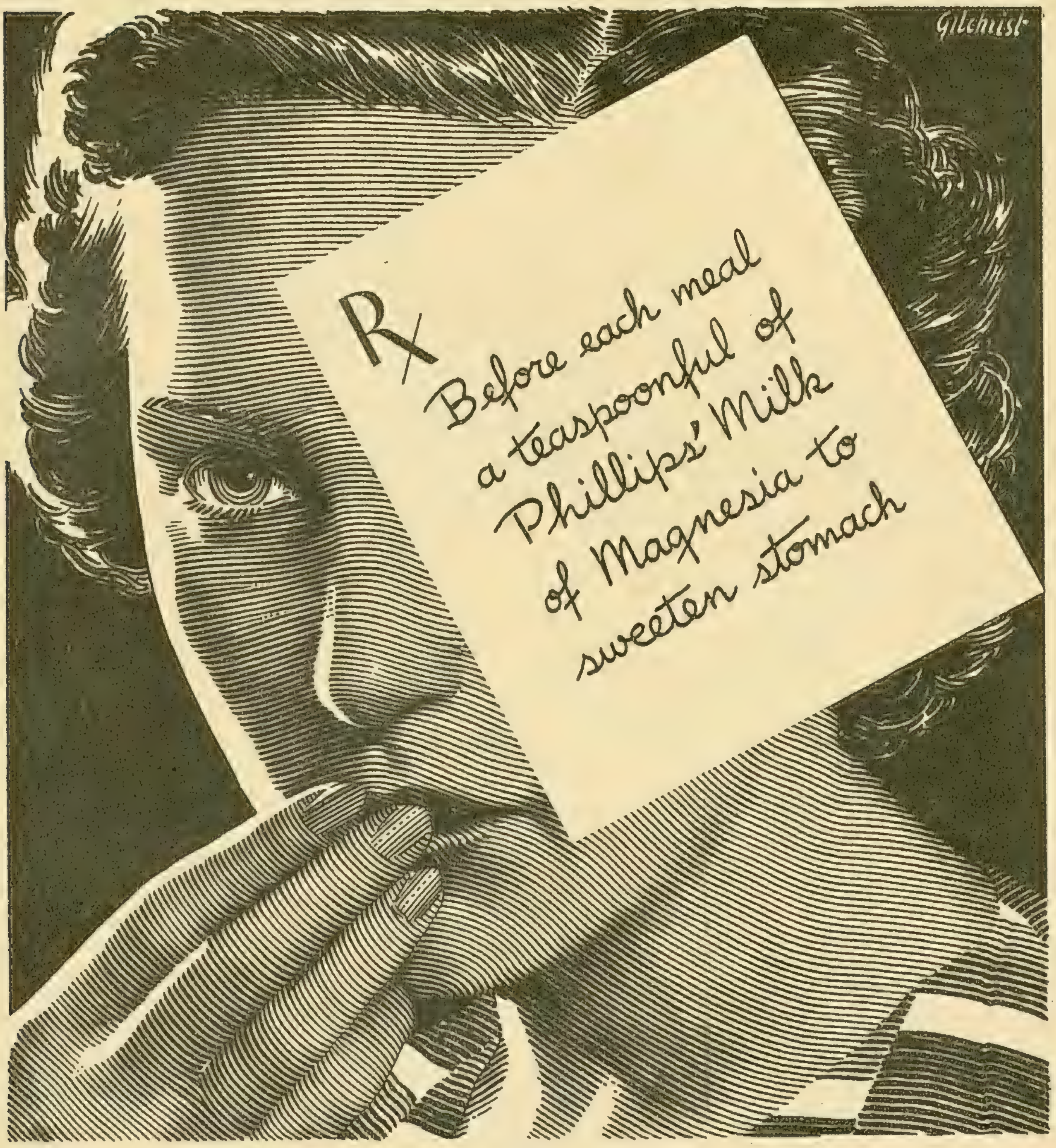
Hamilton was a bimetallist. Jefferson was a bimetallist. Washington was a bimetallist.

The gold supply of the world is insufficient to take care of its commercial needs. Weighty opinion sustains this contention. Unless, as a very learned English economist said to me, something is done toward increasing the amount of metals available for international exchange in the world, we will look back on 1930 and 1931 as exceedingly prosperous years! Sir Robert Horne, former Chancellor of the British Exchequer, insists that in no distant time silver might have to be included in the monetary reserve of the world because of the inadequacy of the supply of gold.

Nor is Sir Robert Horne alone in this belief. "The capitalist system," says John Ford Darling, a famous currency expert, a director

(Continued on page eighteen)

ACID STOMACH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Before each meal
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Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

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● If rich foods disagree, it need not mean a "weak stomach." Sourness and gas doesn't mean "indigestion." Just take an anti-acid to sweeten the system, and enjoy life! Before meals, or afterward when distress is felt. Do this awhile, and stomach and bowels will be in fine order. Use only genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia; it is standard. Other preparations do not have the same anti-acid action.

(Continued from page sixteen) of the Midland Bank, one of England's Big Five, " is likely to collapse unless it can be made to resume working at a profit. And this cannot be done until the price of commodities is raised." He further correctly says that the low price of commodities is one of the principal causes of economic disturbance all over the world.

How would this currency expert remedy the situation? Not by loans out of the public treasury to banks, trust companies, insurance companies, and railroads, as proposed by the administration.

Not by local inflation of credits which will not raise the price of farm products.

How then? By the reintroduction of bimetallism!

If we restore silver we increase the purchasing power of the Orient, of South America and all Latin countries. These countries will be able to buy from us again. As a result, the price of commodities will rise in the international market, including the price of wheat and cotton. Some people argue that if we remonetize silver the Orient will flood us with its hoards of silver. This is not so. Human psychology is the same everywhere. When securities go down, men sell. When they go up, they hold on to them. If the price of silver is low people will sell it. When it goes up in price they will store it and hoard it.

If we reintroduce silver as money we can take away Britain's trade from the Orient. England will thus be forced to adopt bimetallism or she will not be able to compete with us. Once the two great English-speaking nations remonetize silver they can maintain any ratio which they consider advisable. I do not care whether that ratio is sixteen to one or fifteen to one.

Today Europe cannot pay us for the same reason that the farmer cannot pay his creditors. But both can meet their obligations if the dollar is readjusted.

Bimetallism is not capable of indefinite expansion. Silver, though plentiful, is not unlimited. The readjustment of the dollar would affect favorably every farmer, every city dweller. It would reduce the burden of every mortgage and every debt. Senator Reed calls the dollar I propose " dishonest." It may seem dishonest to the creditor, but the present dollar is " dishonest " from the point of view of the debtor. In terms of services rendered and of commodities, the dollar is worth today one half more than it was when the debt was contracted. Shall we retain the dollar as it is for the benefit of the few, or readjust it for the benefit of the many?

Next Week—

BEER
or
CIVIL WAR

By Rupert Hughes

A striking picture of what can happen in the United States if the Republican Resubmission Plan is adopted

Also—

BANISHING THE DOLE

By Franklin D. Roosevelt

And stories and articles by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan—J. P. McEvoy—James Francis Dwyer—Peter Cartwright.

UNIVERSAL bankruptcy, toward which we are traveling today, will involve both debtor and creditor. When Congress passed the Glass-Steagall bill, I asked: " What is there in this bill that will raise the price of commodities? " No one could answer this question. The only way to raise prices, to start the smoke in factories once more and to make the farmer prosperous, is to restore silver to its ancient honorable estate. Countries off the gold standard cannot trade with countries on the gold standard without inflation to a point where the gold standard itself is jeopardized.

The international bankers prefer paper inflation based, at least theoretically, on the gold standard because they control the world's gold supply. They fight bimetallism because it will be difficult for them to control both gold and silver. The smaller the base of a currency is, the easier it is to control it. Yet is there any reason why we should leave the control of money in the hands of the same bankers who have brought both the country and themselves to the verge of insolvency? If I had recommended bimetallism before a Rotary Club a few years ago, serious-minded men would have called me a " wild-eyed radical " and refuted me by invoking the sacred names of Morgan, Mitchell, Insull, and Kreuger! Big Business had successfully propagandized and hypnotized the country with the illusion of the financial infallibility of the lords of finance. Everybody from the elevator boy to the clerk in an office believed he was making money. Even the scrubwoman thought in terms of the stock market. They all thought that they were part of the capitalist system that dominated the country. Today everyone who gives the slightest thought to the situation realizes that the financial supermen were either scoundrels or morons. They made the most colossal failure in history.

And yet they have the hardihood to demand leadership, even dictatorship, for themselves.

The only remedy of which they can think in this crisis (besides dictatorship) is to cut wages and to shift the burden of taxation through a sales tax from their own shoulders to the shoulders of the poor. Scenting universal dissatisfaction, they attempt to drown the grumble of revolt in an ocean of beer.

First they took away the poor man's growler. Now they see a light and are prepared to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment.

I TOO favor the repeal of that amendment. But my reasons are different.

I favor it because prohibition makes the bootlegger rich, because it induces shameless orgies of graft and corruption, and because it makes the state the moral mentor of the individual. I do not believe in morality by legislation!

Beer brewing may help industry a little. But the cutting of wages and the shifting of taxes which Big Business recommends, and which it would achieve if it should secure dictatorial control, will not help the masses. The only radical remedy for our trouble is the remonetization of silver. The remonetization of silver will free the world's treasuries from the incubus of international finance.

Its masters will no longer be able to dictate our credit.

The capitalists, having miserably failed, ascribe the present cataclysm to overproduction. What nonsense! There is no such thing as overproduction. How can anyone have the impudence to speak of the overproduction of wheat while half the world goes hungry? How can anyone claim that there is an overproduction of cotton and wool while half the world goes naked? There is no overproduction of cars or radios—until everyone who would like a car or a radio possesses one. It is an insult to human intelligence to say that the world must suffer because human ingenuity and human genius have multiplied the means of production. It is preposterous to assert that we must be the victims rather than the beneficiaries of progress!

Our only trouble is the control of wealth by a small group whose greed prevents the masses from securing the benefits of inventive genius and whose system permits the natural resources of the land to be gobbled up by a few. We suffer not from dearth but from maladjustment.

In my opinion the remonetization of silver will be our economic salvation. We may or we may not adopt this expedient.

But, whatever way out we choose, the decision must rest with the people.

Democracy recognizes no leaders except the leaders which it has chosen. The cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy.

Whatever path political evolution in this country may take, the American climate does not agree with dictators.

THE END

LET'S SETTLE THIS!

$250 IN CASH PRIZES

for the most ridiculous answers to the question

Why did the chicken cross the road?

LIBERTY has decided to appeal to its contest followers to settle once and for all time this ancient question. Some months ago the question was raised and thousands of answers poured in. That should have settled the matter. Everyone with an opinion should have been satisfied with that opportunity to go on record. But no! Many have asked that we present the venerable query again. So here it is. "Why did the chicken cross the road?"

Many reasons have been ascribed for this historic pilgrimage. Doubtless the first written attempts to solve the mystery were chiseled into stone. Many a stylus must have traced strange characters across its waxen tablet recording the current analysis of the problem. Reams of papyrus, or however papyrus is measured, have been sacrificed to the great cause. Tons of paper have been consumed. And still the question persists!

The time has come to end this economic waste. Let's answer the question once and for all time. Let's produce the answer to end all answers!

Ridiculous? Of course it's ridiculous—up to a point. And that point is the prize money. Liberty will pay $250 in cash for winning answers. Why don't you win some of this easy money? Sixty-four chances to win. The first prize is $50. What couldn't you do with that! Second prize carries an award of $25, another goodly sum. Third and fourth prizes are $15 and $10 respectively. There are ten prizes of $5 each and fifty prizes of $2.

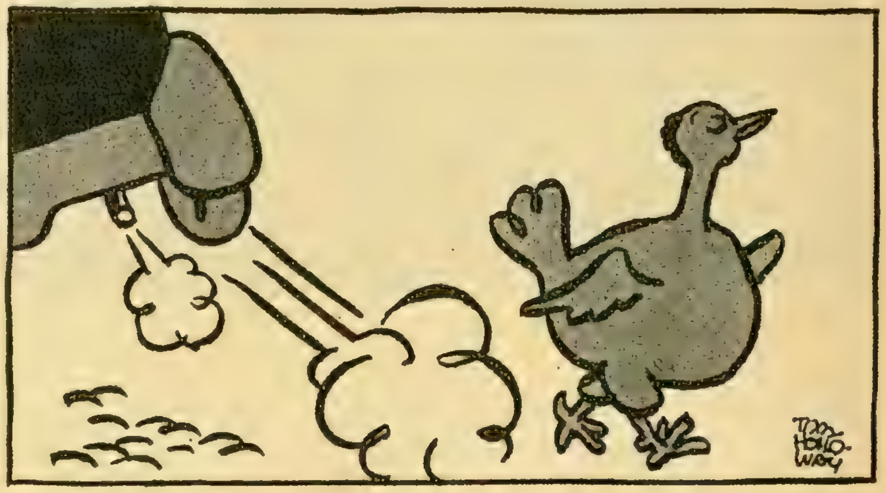
The rules tell how, when, and where to enter. Do it now!

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Write what you consider the most ridiculous possible answer to the question "Why did the chicken cross the road?" Your answer must be accompanied by a suggested question usable in a future contest of this type.
3. Your answer must not exceed twenty words. Your suggested question must not exceed twenty words. Use the coupon, a copy thereof, or a plain sheet of paper.
4. The answer which in the opinion of the judges is the most ridiculous and is accompanied by the best suggested question will be awarded first prize. The next best entry, judged on this basis, will be awarded second prize, etc., according to the prize schedule on this page.
5. Mail all entries to ANSWERS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Entries for this contest must be received before the close of business Monday, October 24.

SCHEDULE OF PRIZES

First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, each $5	50
Fifty Prizes, each $2	100
TOTAL, 64 Prizes	$250



THIS COUPON IS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

Why did the chicken cross the road?

....

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My suggested question is ....

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....

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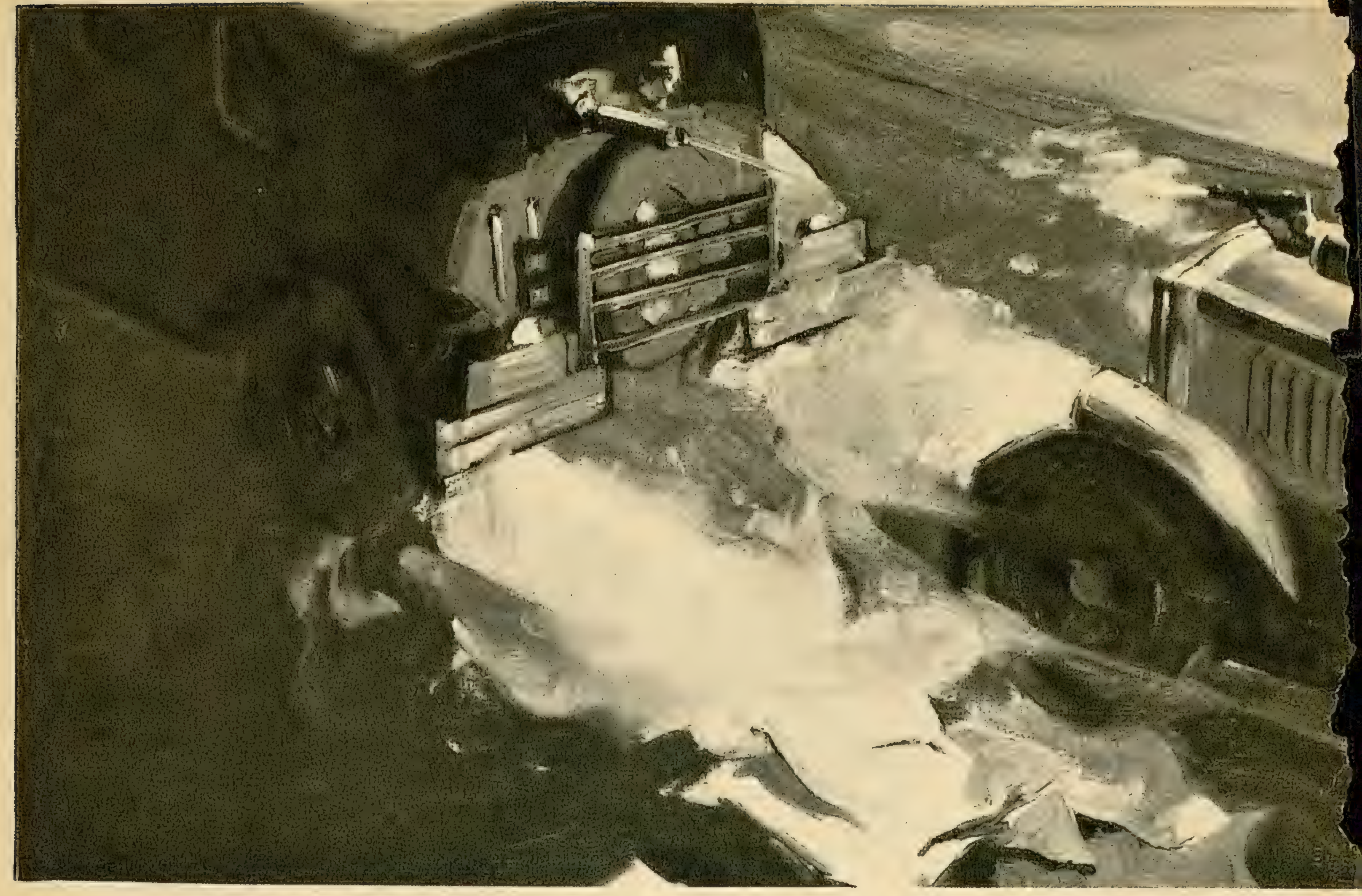
Name ....

Street & No. ....

City .... State ....

NEXT WEEK A NEW CASH PRIZE CONTEST OFFER!



SQUAD

A PRIZE FIRST STORY

The Story of a Girl's First Love and a Policeman's Last Bullet

(Reading time: 28 minutes 20 seconds.)

WHAT if you had a bullet in your back? Not passing through, leaving a clean hole, taking your life with it: a bullet pressing against your spinal column. You would live on for years—not walking of course—propped up in a wheel chair. Do you call that luck? Could you answer a squad call from out of a wheel chair? I knew a guy once who did that.

Say, if you've got some time, I'll tell you the story. No, I'm not just gabbing; it's news. The papers were full of it at the time he was hurt. They gave him the credit for what he did then, but that second time Car Fifty-eight got all the glory. You see, all the papers soft-pedaled his part in the capture. Whose fault was that? Well, I guess 'twas the kid's; Mary Agnes not wanting her name in the headlines. What's that? Who is she? Will you give me a break; let me tell it my way?

The man was Pat Noonan. You recall that policeman? For years he was stationed at Monroe and Michigan. His stretch alternated, first daytime, then night—all police beats do that—but his place was the same.

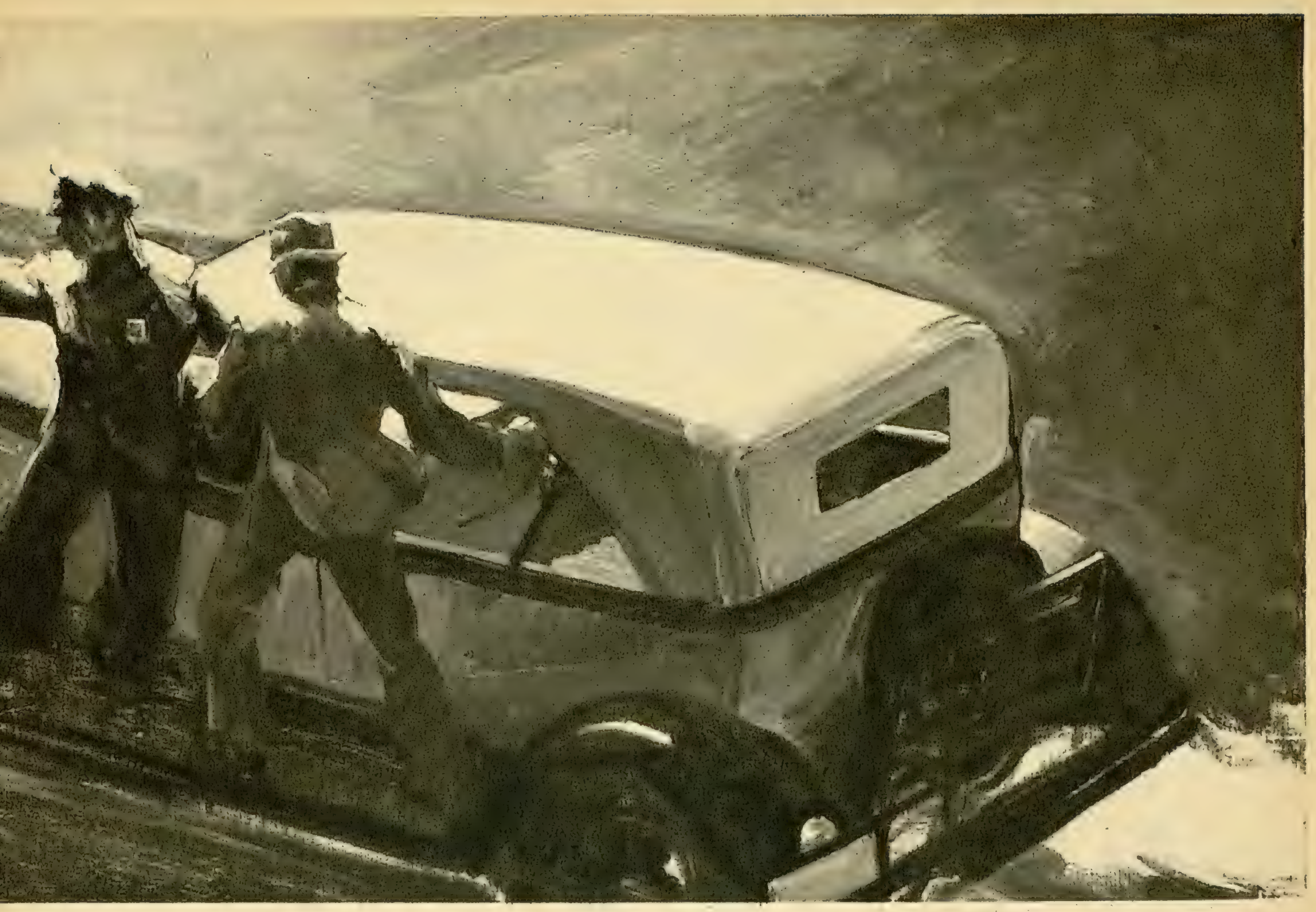
He was right for the job. A big-bodied man, but lean, tall, upstanding, square-shouldered. His hair that was black once was turning, making his eyes that were blue look bluer, his face more ruddy.

Nothing about Pat Noonan's white hair that suggested old age; rather the reverse. The same thing was true about the wrinkles in his face. He had two deep cuts at each side of his mouth and one sharp line between his eyes, that was all. The last one didn't show all the time, but, say, just let some wise guy try to run that light! Oh boy! Would Pat Noonan sail into him!

Gee, I can see him now, marching out into traffic, that line between his brows making a black flag across his face. The I-got-a-drag boys avoided his corner when Pat was on duty. Say, he was one real guy was Paddy Noonan.

There was a kid who had a news stand down near Paddy's beat. Didn't have any folks and was just the age when it was his ambition to become a beer baron some day. If ever there was a boy bound straight for hell it was that one just about the time he met Pat Noonan. At that time in his life this kid thought that policemen were divided into two classes: the poor fish that were duck soup for the gangsters, and the wise guys that were gangsters themselves. Yep, just about then Pat Noonan started saying "Good morning" to him.

The kid had to change all his ideas. It was terrible. He was horribly ashamed of having fallen for a copper, and yet he had, and while he was floundering around trying his best to stick to his first ideas about policemen in general, and Pat Noonan in particular, Pat chased him off the street and into school for eight hours of the day. Oh, sure, the kid kept his stand. Pat fixed that for him with an older guy.



THE occupants of the bandit cars were taking pot shots at Paddy Noonan silhouetted at the side of the pursuing car.

Pictures by CARL PFEUFER

CALL

POLLY SIMPSON MACMANUS

That was a swell stand, and the kid might have come out at the little end of the horn with that older fellow if he had tried to manage things for himself. But the man who took his stand during the day didn't try any funny business with Paddy right there. The kid sold papers from right after school till pretty late at night. It was enough to keep him if he didn't eat too fancy, and he'd never done that anyway.

My God, I don't know what Pat saw in the mutt—that kid was the one for whom the term lousy was invented. Maybe it was because Noonan never had a boy of his own; maybe because the kid was so crazy about him. Never did know how he happened to take the kid home to live. I guess that Pat figured a youngster had to have clothes of a sort, going to school as he was, and a decent place to sleep.

LOTS of nasty-nice people would say there was danger in taking the kid home to live. And maybe the nasty-nice people are right. Pat Noonan, you see, had a daughter (his wife had been dead for years). Yep, he had a daughter; Mary Agnes her name. A pretty little thing, a real Irish type, blue eyes and black hair. Cute as the devil. She certainly rated with her old man. He never would have put her in any danger. He mentioned it once to the kid in a sort of a way. I'll tell you about that later.

That first night when Pat took the kid home to live with him was the turning point in the boy's career. It was late of course. The kid's papers had to be sold, and Pat's stretch didn't end until one. They had things all fixed up between them, the time and the place they'd meet.

The kid had all of his worldly belongings with him at his stand. Didn't amount to much. He'd frozen on to a secondhand wicker suitcase some place and he had his things in it. After his last paper was sold he sat leaning against the building; he was tired you know, five hours of school and his work after. Just the lengthening-out age the kid was then, when a boy gets tired easy.

That wasn't the real reason he felt so rotten. More than his school work, or the paper-selling, the boy felt bad that night because he was afraid. Afraid it was all a big joke and Noonan had no idea of taking him home. You see, he'd taken his share of the bumps, that kid; not so many square deals, and a lot of bad breaks in his life. He still doubted that a policeman could really be the kind that Noonan seemed to be.

If things turned out the way he was expecting them to, if Noonan didn't show up, he'd just grin the next time they met. As he sat there waiting he was trying to figure out a wise crack that would show the big baboon that he wasn't the fall guy. But it's not so easy to think up good ones when you've got a lump in your throat.

It started to rain as he sat there worrying, trying to plan what he would do with the suitcase if Noonan came along with some other bull and gave him the razz. The suitcase was incriminating evidence. Sort of made it look as if he hadn't taken Noonan's proposal as a joke.

Just then the big fellow himself came along.

"Go'n' home with me, are you?"

For an instant the boy hesitated. It was a fierce chance to take. Noonan was alone, that was one good thing. Just the same, it was playing into his hands to say yes if it was all a joke. Too big a chance to take to say no, even to save his face in case the big fellow was on the square. Of course that kid was daffy about Noonan; and his heart won out in the end.

"Yep," said the kid. "I'm go'n'—if you still want me." It was the last hurdle. Gee, he had handed that copper a laugh if he was looking for one. Noonan didn't laugh; he just said, "All right, let's go," and he looked away as he said it. A man, if he is a man, doesn't get any kick out of seeing tears in another chap's eyes.

The kid never forgot that walk to the Elevated, marching along beside his hero. Noonan was his hero now; he was willing to acknowledge that in his own mind. The barriers all went down when he found it was not a joke—his going to live at the officer's home.

Polly Simpson MacManus lives in Chicago, is married, and has two daughters who are going to college. Her father was a newspaper man, so she comes naturally by her liking for writing, which she started in her high-school days. Shortly after that an attempt to write the "Great American Drama" collapsed when she and her collaborator married.

The kid carried his own suitcase; that would be Noonan's way—and the kid's too. The rain made the pavement look black and shiny and all the little hollows in the sidewalk were full of water, making them wink and reflect as those two strode along across town and up the Elevated steps. They didn't exchange a word as they rode out south and walked down the Elevated steps just beyond the main street of one of those outlying districts that cluster around the Loop.

"Like a hamburger?" asked Noonan.

"Sure," answered the kid.

"I usually stop here for a bite about this time of night," says Noonan, stepping into one of those all-night places.

"Yeah," answers the kid, still dumb; and then: "Make it two," as Noonan orders hamburger and coffee.

"Wait a minute," says Noonan. "You don't want coffee—a kid like you. You'd better order a glass of milk." And the kid answers, "Sure, I like milk better, anyway." And that was that.

Funny thing about those two—the way they got along, I mean. Noonan never laid down the law. Oh, he'd say "Better wash behind your ears," or something like that, and he licked the pants off the kid two or three times when they had a run-in, but in the main they just settled down to live like as if they were father and son.

If Mary Agnes objected she never mentioned it. She was fourteen then. The kid a year older. She was waiting up the night when her father came home from the hamburger stand with that wart of a boy dangling along behind him. It was a woman's curiosity that made her stay awake to see what it was her father was drag'n' in for life.

HER dad must have told her his plans. Of course he would, seeing that she kept house for him and had since her mother died. Well, anyhow, Mary Agnes comes bobbing out into the hall the moment she heard her dad's key in the lock, and she stood there looking at the kid with big round eyes. She was a picture all right—a red kimono over her pink pyjamas, her curly black hair all mussed up, and her blue eyes misty with sleep.

Noonan says to the kid, "This is my daughter"; to her, "Mary Agnes, the kid's going to stay with us after this." That was all. They stood there looking at each other like children will when they're feeling strange. At that age they're still pretty much children for all they are children that are looking ahead.

Of course, as I told you, lots of folks would have said it was taking too much of a chance to bring in a squirt like that boy to live in the house. A boy from the street, a girl like Mary Agnes, both under one roof. I'm not sure if Pat ever thought of it that way. He may have, at that. He said something once—as I told you before; at least, it sounded that way. It was late afternoon. The boy was selling papers when Pat, walking out to start on his stretch, stopped for a moment to speak to the kid at his stand. That day there was one of those nasty younger-generation-stuff cases spread all over the front page of the five-o'clock edition. Noonan picked up a paper, looked at it a moment, and says he, "If any" (and he used a name) "ever so much as makes a pass at my Mary Agnes, I'll take him apart with my own two hands."

"I'd help you," the kid said, speaking up quick like, before he had time to feel ashamed of showing what was in his heart.

"I believe you would," says Mary Agnes's father, and he smiled at the kid, one of those quick smiles of his that changed the whole map of his face, wiping out, as it did, the two deep lines at each side of his mouth, pulling down the black flag from between his blue eyes.

You've guessed it. Sure, the kid was crazy about that girl. It started, I think, that first night, and it kept on and on. Well, there's no end to a thing like that. Mary Agnes was something for that boy to look up to the same as he looked up to Pat—only different. She was a year ahead of the boy in school for all she was a year younger. Getting prettier and prettier every day that she lived; smart and witty. Say, the wise cracks that girl could think up! The kid used to save them up in his mind and try them out on the newsies down his way. They wouldn't believe that she could be that smart, being a girl.

THE kid didn't know that he was in love—not at first. A good thing it was that he didn't. He was at the age when he would have run away if he'd ever gotten any such an idea.

What did Mary Agnes think of him, are you asking me? Just like she thought about the tables and chairs in her house.

As she grew older she had plenty of beaux. They were always coming to take her to the movies or White City or the Trianon Ballroom. The kid didn't like to see her go out with those other guys. He didn't know why.

It wasn't such a long step in the matter of years till the day that those two kids were both through with school. First Mary Agnes graduated, and the next year the kid, and each time Patrick Noonan, looking strange as hell in a neat black suit instead of his uniform, came to the exercises.

The day the kid finished, when they were walking home together, Pat and the kid—oh, yes, and Mary Agnes too. Sure, she went along to the kid's graduation. Don't get me wrong. She didn't have a thing against the kid. She just wasn't for him the way he was for her. Well, anyhow, walking home, Pat remarks to the kid, "What are you doing now, kid? Getting a newspaper concession at the Interurban or what?"

"No," up speaks the kid bold as brass. "I'm through selling newspapers," says he. "From now on I'm going to help write them."

"Is that so?" laughs Pat. "And do they know it on the papers?"

Mary Agnes had been listening to them, looking from one to the other, walking between them as she was. Now she spoke up in her bright little way: "Dad, why do you want to throw cold water on the kid's plans? I think reporting's cute, kid," and she smiled at him as she said it. After that smile he had to be a reporter, or else. I guess that is why he got the job. He never sold papers after his graduation. When he got the police beat—I don't suppose Pat could have been much prouder unless the kid had gotten on the force.

It was about then that this thing happened to Paddy Noonan that I was telling you about in the first place. Pat was at the same old stand at Monroe and Michigan, night duty, and the kid on the dogwatch of one of the big dailies; so, since they were through for the night at about the same time, they had formed the habit of meeting down near the kid's former paper stand and going home together. Marching across the Loop and up the Elevated steps, out south on the train, then down the steps, and so on home—tramp-

(Continued on page twenty-four)

Women!

95c Value for 59c

Combination Offer!

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PHANTOM KOTEX
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95c Value
ALL FOR 59c
In Canada 79¢
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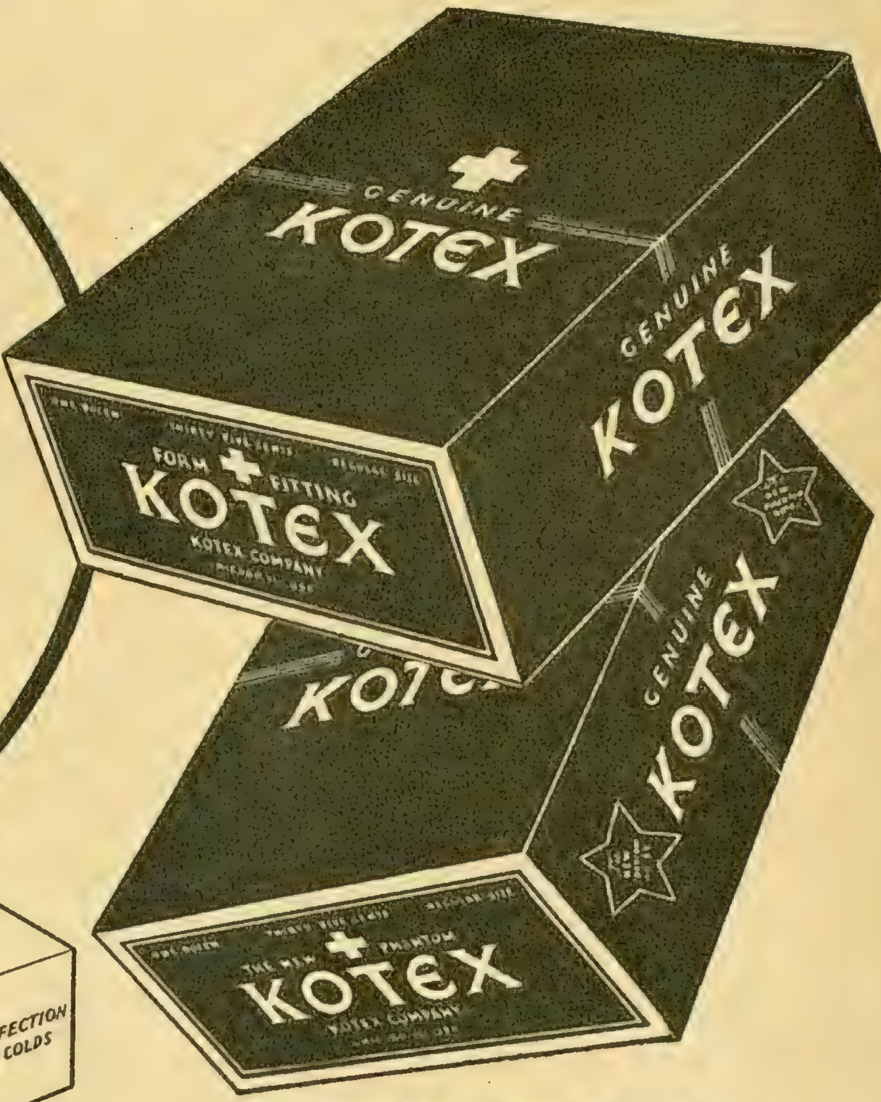
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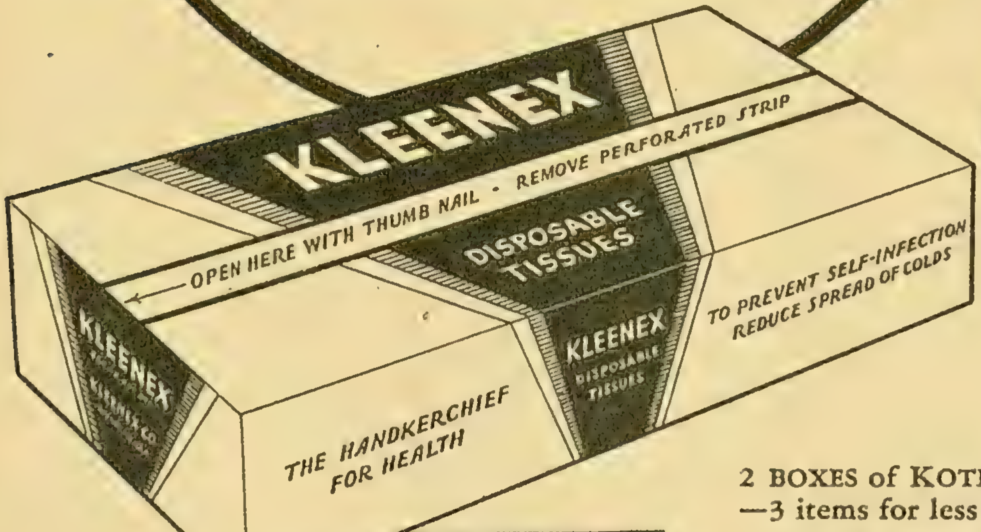
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and 1 box KLEENEX 95¢ value
59¢
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2 BOXES of KOTEX, 1 box KLEENEX —3 items for less than the price of 2!

This offer expires November 5, 1932.

PHANTOM (form-fitting) KOTEX

Revolutionary, new!

The new Phantom Kotex—form-fitting, flattened, tapered, sanitary pad—is made to fit. It ends all fear of telltale outlines, even under the smoothest fitting dresses. You've never known perfect sanitary comfort like this before. There's nothing remotely like it.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the New PHANTOM-KOTEX, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854. Here is your chance to try the New PHANTOM KOTEX at a revolutionary low price!

KLEENEX TISSUES

For handkerchiefs — for removing cold cream and cosmetics

You know KLEENEX, the softest, yet strongest, absorbent tissues. Invaluable for handkerchiefs . . . to remove cold cream . . . as a substitute for linen, towels, napkins . . . for dozens of home and office uses.

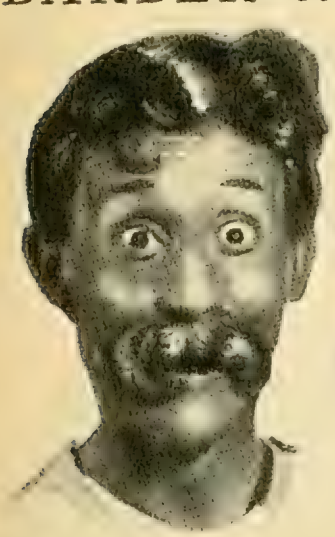
Made of rayon-cellulose

KLEENEX is a dainty, downy square of tissue, handkerchief size. It is many times more absorbent than linen or cotton. Gentler, too—and luxuriously soft, because it is made of the finest rayon-cellulose. The softest yet strongest tissue on the market! Because you get a big supply for so little cost, you destroy each tissue when used. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

BUY TODAY! Go to your dealer now! Buy your Phantom Kotex and Kleenex today, while supplies last at this special price!

At all drug, dry goods, and department stores

"Chic" Sale—
tells about a
BARBER who had



A Close Shave

I KNEW a barber by the name of Tuggles. Big, tall, good lookin' feller; got his suits tailor-made and was always puttin' on a clean shirt. Had the first chair in the shop; right up by the winder. Well sir, in spite of all that, even his regular customers started dwindlin'. They would pass him by and git in the other chairs, and I'll tell you why.

He wasn't friendly. Always frownin' and stewin' and frettin'. You couldn't even say to him that it was a nice day without startin' a big argument. Nervous, too. One day he whacked off the tip of a man's ear. Well sir, the man jest got out of the chair and stood there lookin' at him. Seen right away what the trouble was. "Tuggles," he sez, "here's a little tin box of chocolate tablets. Try em." Out he walked. And I'll tell you what's a fact: Tuggles has got more customers now than he can handle. He's the most popular barber in town. There you are.

"Chic" Sale

If you would keep that sunny disposition, keep "regular." And keeping "regular," as your family doctor would express it, means at least one thorough bowel movement daily—the most important thing for one's health and happiness.

Ex-Lax, "the little tin box of chocolate tablets"—will keep you "regular." It is a *scientific* laxative that acts gently, yet surely. Ex-Lax does not gripe—and isn't habit-forming. It's just the perfect laxative. At all drug stores. In 10c, 25c, 50c boxes.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative

FREE SAMPLE OF EX-LAX
and "CHIC" SALE'S WELLS CORNERS GAZETTE

Name--------------------------------
Address--------------------------------

Mail this coupon to Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. L1042

(Continued from page twenty-two)

ing along through the silent city streets, stopping at the White Castle for a bite before going to bed.

Mary Agnes wasn't usually home when they got there. Of course Pat didn't like it much—her being out till all hours of the night, and he didn't like the men that she went out with at all. Not being one to keep things to himself he had plenty to say on the subject. "Who's coming tonight?" he would ask. "Is it that poor weak thing that wears spats or that one with the shifty eyes?"

Mary Agnes never bothered to answer, just laughed and went on as before.

Naturally the kid kept his mouth shut. He'd just look at the gigolos that called for Mary Agnes and then go out and buy himself a set of handkerchiefs and socks and ties to match or a bottle of hair slicker.

THAT was the way things stood with those three the night that Pat got hurt. The kid had been sent out to track down a story on some "speak" that was raided in Whiting or Gary. A photographer with him, an older chap, who was driving the car. They were turning in from the Drive at Monroe, and the kid, seeing Pat, leaned out of the car and yelled, "Hey, there, policeman!" Pat gave him a nod.

It was right at that moment those two crazy drivers tore in from the Drive, chasing each other, making about sixty miles an hour. One guy was all but lying over the wheel, disregarding the traffic, never stopping for lights, while his partner was hunched up in the back seat with something that might have been a machine gun propped up at the open window, letting them have it in the car behind. And those guys back there were returning bullet for bullet. They went past Noonan and the kid and the other policeman on the safety, name of Muldoon, swung sharply at the intersection and started north on Michigan, still shooting at each other. On the turn one of those bullets got Muldoon and he slumped on the safety island.

Pat didn't know for a week after that Muldoon had been shot. He was out into traffic before the bandit cars crossed Madison. The black flag was flying between his eyes as he commandeered the newspaper car, telling the driver to catch up to the two ahead, hanging on the running board, his revolver unsheathed, the kid right behind him. The kid never did know how he got out of the front seat and out on the running board back of Pat, or why.

Up past Madison, past Washington, they went. The lights of the colored electric signs at Randolph danced up and down continuously, running together in streams like a rainbow, mixing themselves with the steady swing of the Lindbergh Beacon.

Up over the bridge tore the bandit cars, and close on the tail of the last one traveled the car that belonged to the newspaper. The long-drawn-out wail of a squad-car siren came to them clearly from some place down the avenue, coming closer and closer, backing them up.

The occupants of the bandit cars ceased firing at each other about the time they passed the Tower, and were taking pot shots at Paddy Noonan silhouetted at the side of the pursuing car, and Pat was taking a shot at them now and then. The kid just clung on, his blood on fire with excitement. Up past the Drake, faster and faster. Those two ahead never slowed up a bit, but the newspaper car seemed to gain a little. They all kept on shooting. The kid, standing as he was back of Noonan, could almost see the bullets as they came toward them; could almost feel the one that stopped when it hit. They were in the park when it happened. The squad car that had been trailing them, screaming its way through the town, tore past as that bullet went home. The kid threw out an arm as Noonan sagged, and yelled at the driver, "Pull up to the curb! He's shot!" The hand holding Noonan was warm and wet.

The day they told Noonan, out there at the hospital, just how things would be—the wheel chair, you know, plus how lucky he was to be breathing at all—he didn't talk, but lay in his bed looking up at the doctor.

The kid, who was there at the time, tried to think up a good one and failed. He kept still. Mary Agnes was kneeling by Pat on the floor by the side of his bed, and she picked up his hand that lay clenched on the cover in both of her own little white ones. "Don't you care, dad!" says she. "Don't you care. It's swell you're alive, dear. We'll get along fine!"

The kid put his hand on her shoulder at that, and he looked down at Pat, and Pat looked up at him. The kid's eyes promised lots and Pat's eyes said, "I know that you will." So a promise was made and accepted without any words.

Mary Agnes was crying and she kept on repeating, "We're lucky, I tell you, we're lucky! I just couldn't have stood it if you were Muldoon!"

I WONDER if Pat felt the same, lying in the bed and facing a wheel chair for life, while out on the boulevard they'd put up a wreath "To Officer James Muldoon who died in performance of duty." I guess Pat thought of that; of course he'd never say. There was not much to say. Just accept and go on. And that's what they did, both Pat and his family. Oh, they got along. The kid had a steady job. The policemen's benefit gave them some money. The paper the kid was working for started the subscription that brought Pat his wheel chair, and somebody else got Mary Agnes a job. That was easy for her. She had wanted to do something for a long while. Manicuring, you know, hair, and facials. She soon was a drawing card for the shop where she worked—all the old girls thinking they'd get to look just like her if she did their work. Oh, the family got along fine.

And Ex-Officer Noonan? Remember way back when I first started talking, I asked if you thought he was lucky. Say, he never squawked; he was game. He could laugh at his legs—after a while. That is, he would laugh when the young folks were home. "It's a squad car I've got now," he'd say, wheeling round in his chair. "Sure, this flat is my beat," and he'd laugh fit to kill. Only God knew what Pat did when he was alone.

The two deep lines at each side of his mouth went deeper and deeper all the time, but the black flag across his brow didn't show any more. He stopped off short criticizing Mary Agnes's beaux. It didn't seem right to object to her fun when she had worked all day long in the shop after getting up early to fix up the flat and his lunch. If she went out to dance in the evening, what of it! She was young yet and pretty. My God, she was pretty! The men flocked around her. You couldn't expect her to quit going out. Pat didn't expect it. The kid? Oh, he was still hanging around. He'd get up in the morning, get Pat in his chair for the day, then go after the news. When he could he'd come back out at noon. Mary Agnes had just thirty minutes for lunch, but the kid could take more.

THE kid learned a lot about what was going on in Noonan's mind when he helped him dress in the morning or dropped in on him unexpectedly at noon—things that the big fellow was concealing from Mary Agnes. For instance, one morning when the kid puffed a little getting Pat in his wheel chair, Pat said, kind of laughing though sort of embarrassed, "I'm getting fat, kid, sitting down all day without any exercise." The kid says jokingly, "I never knew you were vain of your figure when you were walking your beat." And Noonan replies, "I wasn't then," and added more softly, "I do hate a fat man." He said it quite low, but the kid knew at once that Noonan was bothered. That was one of the times he gave himself away. Let the kid in on what he was thinking about all day alone in the flat.

There was one other time when Pat spoke out his mind. One evening when the kid got home from the office early, and found Pat sitting in the bay window that serves as a sun parlor in those old flat buildings that came with the World's Fair. They were four floors up and on a corner, so Pat could see all that went on up four streets. He was always there when the kid came home, and he always had the radio tuned down low on the dial in order to catch the police broadcast. You know what I mean—the calls to the squad cars that are cruising around their beat. All those fellows carry radios so they can be reached on the short wave when headquarters wants them to stop a fight or

The world's worst job— washing dirty handkerchiefs

now ended by KLEENEX disposable tissues

Madam, will you let us prove to you that you need never wash another handkerchief?

Send us your name and address—we will send you a trial packet of Kleenex Tissues. Use them for a week, in place of handkerchiefs.

Then see if you can think of a single reason why you should continue that disagreeable task of washing handkerchiefs.

Softest—yet strongest tissue

Kleenex is many times more absorbent than linen or cotton; and though the softest tissue on the market, it is also the strongest.

Because Kleenex costs so little, you destroy each tissue when used. Think how much more healthful, to select a nice, fresh tissue every time, instead of using a soiled handkerchief over and over!

Try Kleenex for removing face creams, too. Authorities say it's best, because Kleenex is so absorbent that it blots all impurities from the pores.

In rolls and packages

Kleenex comes in smart convenient packages and in 25c rolls, in delicate pink or white.

Try both; and then try the larger, household size as well! It is marvelously convenient for guest towels, for dusting, for many kitchen tasks.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill.

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES

HAVE YOU TRIED 'KERFS? . . . a formal version of Kleenex smartly bordered, 4 thicknesses instead of 2 . . . nice enough to appear as "regular" handkerchiefs or tea napkins. Big box 25c.

catch a gangster. The later at night the more bloody the assignment: “Woman screaming for help,” or “A fight back of a garage.”

Pat was crazy about listening to them, though a little ashamed when caught in the act. He turned the radio right off as soon as the kid came in the door. The kid pretended he didn’t notice. Just sat down and handed Pat a cigar some publicity seeker had handed out, and lit one himself. They sat there quiet, smoking for a moment, and then Pat says casual-like, “Is Mary Agnes staying in tonight?” The kid answered, “I donno.” Though he knows very well that she’s not.

“You know, kid,” says Noonan, “I’m worried about Mary Agnes.”

“She’s all right,” says the kid. “She’s finer than silk. She’ll soon own the shop at the rate that she’s traveling. She—”

“I know all that,” breaks in Noonan. “It’s not daytimes I’m worried about.”

The kid got up suddenly and, walking past the man in the chair, started fooling with the radio without speaking. He was trying to figure out how to answer the question in Pat’s voice without being a dirty yellow traitor to Mary Agnes. You see, the kid was worried as much as Pat about the girl. After a minute the kid says, “Oh, Mary Agnes knows her way around.”

You see, the trouble was that Mary Agnes had never brought her last man home. She’d meet him on the corner most every evening, go dancing or out in his car, but he never came to the flat as all the rest had done, even the worst of them. Of course Mary Agnes was a woman now: it was up to her. And yet Pat knew the kid didn’t like the way things were going.

That same night when Mary Agnes had finished washing the dishes and was powdering her nose, the kid followed her to the door of her room and stood leaning against the door jamb, watching her put on her hat. He was sick at his stomach every time he thought about what he was going to say. Practically taking his life in his hands to question Mary Agnes—the way he felt about her. At last he came out with it.

“Going out?” he asks casually.

“Sure,” answers Mary Agnes, drawing a red line with her lipstick in the place where her cute little mouth grew.

“Same guy as usual?” asks the kid.

Mary Agnes turns away from the glass where she’s been inspecting the tilt of her hat brim, and she gave him a long pert look. “Same guy,” she says.

“It’s none of my business, Mary Agnes, but—”

“Sure, it isn’t,” she said, smiling and giving him another look, the sort calculated to make a man’s heart do flip-flops.

“Might bring him up some time, mightn’t you? Your dad was asking me what your new man looked like. Er—I’m afraid he’s got the idea you’re ashamed of his wheel chair or—something.”

Mary Agnes finished off the conversation nice and tidy with one remark. By this time her cheeks bore two telltale badges of temper. “You were right the first time, kid—*this is none of your business!*”

And with that she flounced out and slammed the front door behind her.

When the kid came in with his hat and coat on ready to go to work, Pat had the radio turned on again listening to the squad calls from WPBD. He flushed up like a child caught playing with matches. “I like the police calls better than those tenors that can’t make up their minds whether to whistle or sing,” he says.

“The mother of a crooner hasn’t much to be proud of and that’s a fact.” This from the kid. He was still thinking of Mary Agnes.

“Squad Car Number Eighty-five, call your station!” squawks the radio. “Squad Car Number Eighty-five, call your station!”

Pat leans forward and his eyes look bright. He even wheels his chair up closer to the window and looked up and down the street. The kid didn’t look Pat’s way when he did it, he being the one who had fixed the radio close to the window when he found out that Pat liked it that way.

“Man calling for help at Ninety-third and Ellis. Man calling for help at Ninety-third and Ellis.”

“Pretty early to start any devilment,” says Pat.

“Time’s nothing to those babies,” answered the kid, going through his pockets looking for a cigarette.

“Correction!” booms the radio. “Man calling for help at Sixty-third and Ellis. Correction! Man calling for help at Sixty-third and Ellis.”

“Well, I’m damned; that’s not far from here.” Pat looks up and down as if he expected to see the criminal coming up the avenue.

“Hope he can still call for help after the police make up their minds where he is,” laughed the kid.

“A holdup in a garage back of Sixty-third and Ellis. A holdup in a garage back of Sixty-third and Ellis.”

Just then the telephone rang and the kid went to answer it. It was the city desk giving him an assignment. It took some explaining, two or three minutes, maybe five, and by the time he got back into the living room from out in the hall, hell was popping on the radio. Calls coming in thick and fast. The police, like a pack of bloodhounds, hot on the scent.

“Murderer seen running across Drexel Avenue. Murderer seen running across Drexel Avenue.”

“Gee, this is great!” says the kid. “Who says we’ve not got television!”

“Squad cars Four and Fifty-eight, go to Sixty-third and Ellis. Squad cars Four and Fifty-eight, go to Sixty-third and Ellis.”

“Why Ellis? The man’s on Drexel,” remarks the kid. He didn’t take this squad-call business as seriously as Noonan did. Pat had his eyes glued to the window, though all he can see are the street cars going past and some dirty children playing hopscotch on the sidewalk below.

“Man seen lurking in alley at Cottage Grove and Sixty-second. Man seen lurking in alley at Cottage Grove and Sixty-second.

“Squad Car Eighteen, go to Sixty-second and Cottage Grove. Squad Car Eighteen, go to Sixty-second and Cottage Grove.”

“That’s the southwest squad!” whispers Pat, as tense as a pointer. “They’re hemming him in, kid!”

Even the kid got excited when the next call came in directing the squads to the block where they lived.

And just then the front door flew open and Mary Agnes all but fell in. She came so fast she left the door on the latch and then stood there panting, leaning against the wall. Her hat was gone, her hair loosened, and she looked as if all the furies were after her. “I didn’t know!” she says like the words were jerked from her. “I didn’t know!” and her teeth were chattering.

“Mary Agnes?” Pat’s voice a question.

“Squad Car Number Fifty-eight, go to Evans and Sixty-second.”

“I got to hide him!” cries Mary Agnes, the tears running down her face. She kept beating her hands together all the time as if she was frantic. “I love him, dad! I love him!” She didn’t tell him who it was she loved. She didn’t need to. Far away the scream of a squad-car siren sounded like the bay of the pack closing in.

“Did he do it?” asks Noonan. “Mary Agnes, did he do it?” The black flag was flying across his face. She began to whimper. And as she stood there crying, away across town a second squad car sent up its screaming cry.

At that sound he came in, at her back; the man she was protecting. He’d been waiting outside in the hall. He must have looked good at one time, since she loved him, but just at that moment he looked like a rat that the dogs were surrounding.

“Did he do it?” says Pat for the third time. The look in her face answered that.

“We’ve got to hide him!” cried Mary Agnes, fairly hysterical.

"Yell from the window, kid!" says Officer Noonan. "The squad car'll be here in a minute!"

"No, you don't!" says the rat at the door and he pulls out an iron. "You'll both just keep quiet or else you'll get hurt! Close the door, Mary Agnes."

"Yell out of the window!" booms Noonan. The kid made a pass for the sash.

"I'll shoot if you do!" cries the rat.

"You will like hell!" yells Pat, and he pulls out his gun from the side of his chair. It must have been there all the time. In his squad car while riding his beat in the flat. He had it all cocked and his man covered before the fellow knew what was doing. Mary Agnes screamed, "Daddy, you mustn't—it's dangerous!" The rat laughed.

"You think that you'll stop me?" he says nasty-like. "A gocar policeman!" I think in that laugh he lost Mary Agnes.

Noonan's face was as white as a sheet, but his hand didn't tremble, his voice was as sharp as it was when he walked on his beat.

"Do your stuff, kid," he says.

It just took a minute. The squad car was passing their block when he yelled from the window.

The rat made a lunge at the sound and a bullet sped close to the wheel chair, embedding itself in the wall.

"Police!" yells the kid from the window. "Your man's right up here." Both revolvers spat fire at that, and they both got their man.

The rat did not speak; he just crumpled up dead by the door, and Noonan spoke once. "Mary Agnes," he says, "I just had to do it—'twas for you."

Mary Agnes was down on the floor with the kid by the side of the wheel chair. "Oh, dad!" she cries. "Dad!" And the note in her voice told him all that he wanted to know. That's the story, the way that she wants folks to hear it. Poor little girl, she's got qualms of conscience, thinking 'twas her fault her father was killed; thinking the force doesn't know what a grand guy was Noonan.

She's been telling the kid that she wants them to put up a tablet out there on the Drive: "To Ex-Officer Noonan who died in performance of duty."

She wasn't to blame. Of course not!

What did you say? Oh, I don't think she loved the rat much, for she's going to marry the kid; that's the funniest part of the story. What's that? Is this story the truth? Sure it's true! And how do I know it? Why, hell, I'm the kid!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—How is the term civil day used?

2—As a pencil contains no lead, why is it called a *lead* pencil?

3—How many legs have animals of the class *Insecta?*

4—Did Darwin say that man is descended from the monkey?

5—What five islands are prominent in the life of Napoleon?

6—What is one of the distinctions between the two main groups of spiders?

7—What was Voltaire's real name?

8—What is a bheesty?

9—What part of the human body is known as the hallux?

10—What band of pirates fought on the American side at the Battle of New Orleans?

11—What English poet was given command over a detachment of Greeks in their struggle against Turkey?

12—What is the difference between Puritans and Pilgrims?

13—Who coined the phrase "almighty dollar"?

14—What is a kobold?

15—Which apostle committed suicide?

16—Who said "I would rather be right than be President"?

17—What two chapters in the Bible are almost alike?

18—What is the tendon of Achilles?

19—Who presented the obelisk Cleopatra's Needle to the United States?

20—What is an apostil?

(Answers will be found on page 43)

How many teeth has a normal 3-year-old child?

(See page 43 for the answer)

Why risk the gifts of health and charm?

VERY often it is not actual neglect that permits teeth to decay. It is quite likely to be the use of an ineffective dentifrice.

Science has now shown that merely brushing the teeth is not enough. A complete program of oral hygiene at home must include a scientific means of checking decay.

Squibb Dental Cream not only cleans beautifully, but helps to combat the germ acids that cause decay. This is due to its *scientifically balanced formula*, with its effective antacid ingredient.

Decaying teeth are a menace to more than your appearance. They may undermine the health and vitality of your whole body. Prevent decay *now*, before it is too late. Don't be satisfied with just any dentifrice. Use Squibb Dental Cream twice each day, and give your teeth scientific protection.

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

SUBURBIA, S

Clive Brook in an
Blondell Steals An
Films, a Come

By FREDERI

Lila Lee and Clive Brook in the dramatic picture of smug suburban life, Night of June 13th.

Joan Blondell and Eric Linden co-star in Big City Blues, but Joan takes the lion's share of the film.

One of the strangely barbaric sce

(Reading time: 8 minutes 5 seconds.)

ABOUT the time you read these pages the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences will be announcing its selection of best acting performances of 1932. The prizes may go to Lionel Barrymore for his playing of the old clerk out for one last fling in Grand Hotel, or to Wallace Beery for his acting of the down-and-out prize fighter in The Champ; to Helen Hayes for The Sin of Madelon Claudet, or to Greta Garbo for As You Desire Me, but our own selection would be different.

I am afraid I would be tempted to vote for the python in Frank Buck's Bring 'Em Back Alive. What personality, what power! He squeezed every ounce out of the rôle—as well as out of his co-star the tiger.

★ ★ ★ NIGHT OF JUNE 13TH

CAST

John Curry	Clive Brook
Trudie Morrow	Lila Lee
Philo Strawn	Charles Ruggles
Herbert Morrow	Gene Raymond
Ginger Blake	Frances Dee
Mazie Strawn	Mary Boland
Elna Curry	Adrianne Allen
Martha Blake	Helen Jerome Eddy
Otto	Richard Carle
Grandpop Strawn	Charles Grapewin
Junior Strawn	Billie Butts
Mr. Morrow	Edward J. LeSaint
Mrs. Morrow	Helen Ware

Directed by Stephen Roberts.
Produced by Paramount.

This is a surprisingly tense and absorbing Street Scene of suburban life.

A husband is on trial for killing his madly jealous wife who in reality has committed suicide.

The neighbors are brought to the witness stand, they lie a bit here and there to accentuate their righteousness and to hide their shabby failings, and in a short time a vicious chain of circumstantial evidence is welded.

The innocent man is headed for the electric chair.

The film presents a curiously cynical picture of legal practices (and incidentally of the rigamarole of trial procedure), a biting observation of suburbia's smugness, a strong sense of well knit melodrama.

Clive Brook is excellent as the tortured husband.

Adrianne Allen is effective as the pathologically jealous wife.

There are also exceedingly able performances by Mary Boland, Charles Grapewin, and Charles Ruggles.

1 star means fairly good
2 stars, good.

★ ★ BIG CITY BLUES

CAST

Vida	Joan Blondell
Bud	Eric Linden
Faun	Inez Courtney
Jo-Jo	Evalyn Knapp
Hummel	Guy Kibbee
Sully	Lysle Talbot
Agnes	Gloria Shea
Gibbony	Walter Catlett
Serena	Jobyna Howland
Adkins	Humphrey Bogart
Jackie	Josephine Dunn
Station Agent	Grant Mitchell
Quelkin	Thomas Jackson
Stackhouse	Ned Sparks

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

A small-town boy, hot upon seeing the big city, takes his inheritance to Broadway, where the small sum of money drops him into the sham whirl of Manhattan, permits him to fall in love with a chorus girl, involves him in a murder. Three days later he is back home, broke.

Eric Linden is the youth from the hinterland, but it is Joan Blondell, as the chorine, who steals the picture.

★ ★ GOONA-GOONA

Produced by André Roosevelt and Armand Denis.
Released by First Division.

Travelers (including Charlie Chap-

HAM, *and* BALI

bing Melodrama; Joan Picture; Two Tropical d a Society Talkie

AMES SMITH

n the tropical drama Goona-Goona.

3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

The lady's Evalyn Knapp and the two gentlemen are Jack Holt and Hardie Albright—in This Sporting Age.

Magic Night, a picture of gay Vienna before the war, presents Jack Buchanan and Gina Malo.

lin) and writers have been talking about the little island of Bali, hidden in the Eastern seas a fortnight's sail from Singapore. Recently two Bali films have reached Broadway. One, The Isle of Paradise, is a gentle, frequently beautiful picture of native life. The other, Goona-Goona, is a melodramatic story set before the palms and banyans of Bali, with the lovely native women and handsome men of the island as the actors. The tropical allure, the physical beauty, the warm laziness of Bali shine through these two films.

★ ★ MAGIC NIGHT

CAST

Captain Maximilian Schietoff	Jack Buchanan
General Schietoff	Clive Currie
Ernst	William Kendall
Johann	Herbert Carrick
Max's orderly	Gib McLaughlin
Donelli	Clifford Heatherly
Frieda	Gina Malo
Greta	Peggy Cartwright
Countess Helga	Joyce Bland
Viki	Anna Neagle

Directed by Herbert Wilcox.
Produced in London—Released by United Artists.

A neat idea motivates this pleasant little musical film. Captain Max, of a fine old Austrian family, loves a little flower-shop girl in those bittersweet prewar days. The romance is on the edge of tragedy when the war breaks out. Peace finds the noble captain a shoe clerk, the flower girl a famous singer.

Jack Buchanan is fair enough as the captain, but the chief interest comes from blonde Anna Neagle as the piquant Viki. The heavy British accents do not help the atmosphere of old Vienna.

★ THIS SPORTING AGE

CAST

Captain John Steele	Jack Holt
Mickey Steele	Evalyn Knapp
Johnny Raeburn	Hardie Albright
Charles Morrell	Walter Byron
Jerry O'Dea	J. Farrell MacDonald
Mrs. Rita Duncan	Ruth Weston
Ann Erskine	Shirley Palmer

Directed by A. W. Bennison and A. F. Erickson.
Produced by Columbia.

This story is of an army captain in a Western fort and of his daughter. His skill with a polo mallet brings an invitation to ride with a swank Eastern team. A bad social hanger-on does wrong by our Nell, dad rides him to death on the polo field, and the two go back to simple, honest army life.

Jack Holt is satisfactory as the polo-playing father, Evalyn Knapp attractive as the daughter, but the story crumples up when it collides with high society.

Do you know that—

Columbia Pictures is to film the Liberty serial, About the Murder of the Circus Queen?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

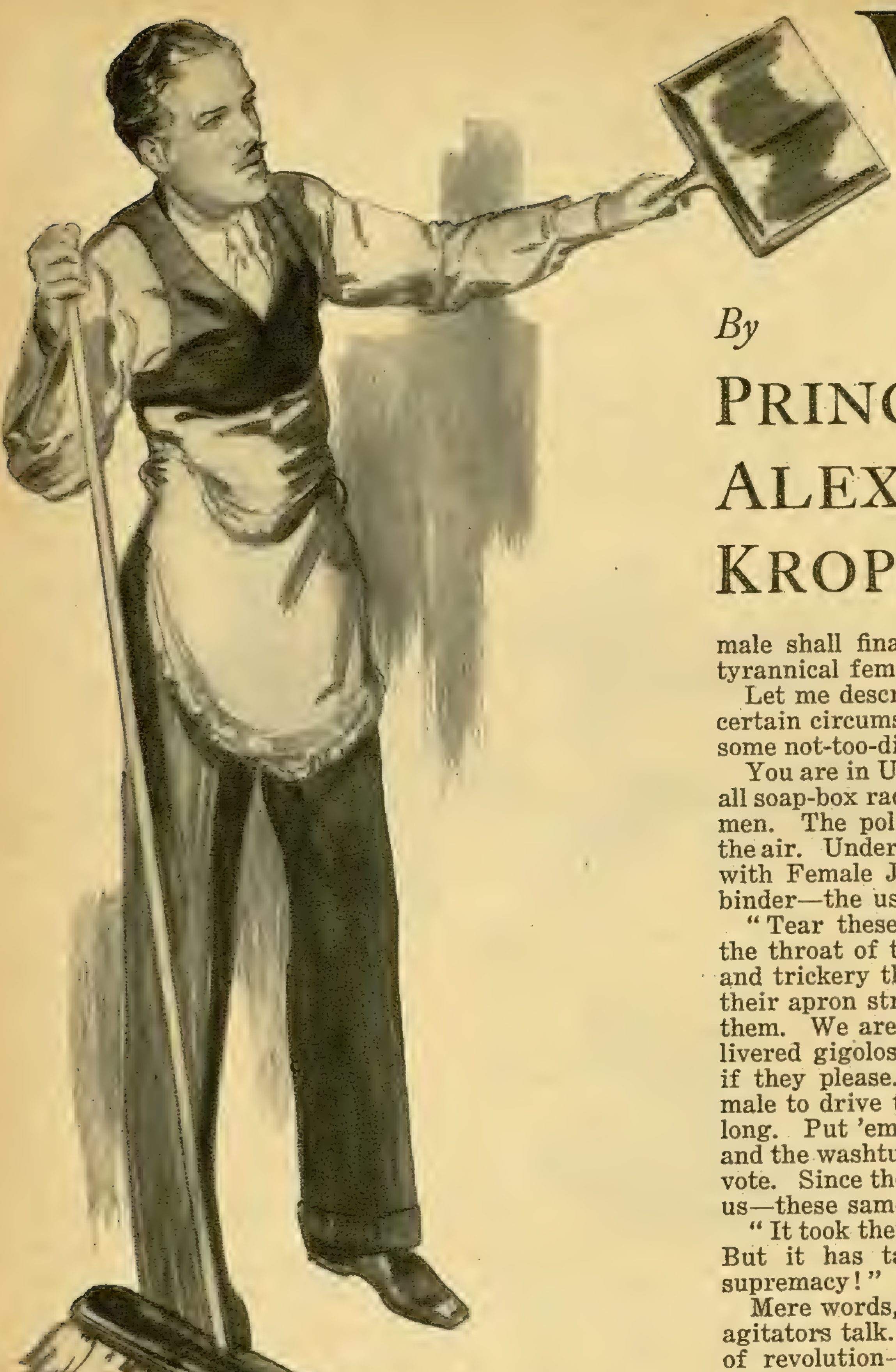
★★★★—Movie Crazy, Grand Hotel, Congress Dances.

★★★—The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City.

WILL
RE

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN



Pictures by
EDGAR McGRAW

(Reading time: 12 minutes 15 seconds.)

THERE are so many different kinds of revolution promised for the future that we can all make our own bets as to who will finally tip over the social apple cart—and why.

Personally I think that revolution by American men against American women is as likely a forecast as any. The line-up between male and female in this country today seems to be nurturing all the right grievances for the first-class revolt.

Women and men, since the advent of universal suffrage in 1920, have been political equals in these United States. But the women have retained innumerable privileges left over from the days when their "rights" were inferior.

It is my suggestion that American women abuse their privileges, and, as any historian will tell you, it is abuse of privilege which has always led to revolution.

Perhaps you think "revolution" too strong a word to use for what seems likely to happen when the American male shall finally get up spunk enough to oppose his tyrannical female. I don't think so.

Let me describe a scene which I believe to be—under certain circumstances—entirely possible and probable at some not-too-distant date.

You are in Union Square—New York headquarters for all soap-box radicals. You are in a crowd of silent, sullen men. The police are watchful, for there is trouble in the air. Under a banner proclaiming "Men Unite. Down with Female Job Grabbers" stands a fiery little spellbinder—the usual type of public agitator.

"Tear these bloodsucking females," he yells, "from the throat of the nation! Are we slaves? With greed and trickery the women of this country have tied us to their apron strings of steel. But we are going to break them. We are going to free ourselves! Let the white-livered gigolos and nancies hide behind women's skirts if they please. I call on every red-blooded, two-fisted male to drive these women of ours back where they belong. Put 'em back in the kitchen. Back to the diaper and the washtub! Fifteen years ago we gave women the vote. Since then they have taken our country away from us—these same women, mind you!

"It took them fifteen thousand years to reach equality. But it has taken them only fifteen years to reach supremacy!"

Mere words, say you. That is right. That's the way agitators talk. Yet behind them stand the philosophers of revolution—the men who march truth after truth toward the goal of their grievance.

The philosophers of man's revolt will say:

Woman's extravagance has ruined America economically.

Woman's selfishness has been responsible for costly, destructive, misrepresentative reform laws such as prohibition and the Mann Act.

Woman's stubbornness has kept these laws alive, breeding nationwide crime, corruption, waste.

Woman's "bossiness" has filled American public life with women administrators and their house-broken male parasites.

Woman's ignorance of practical politics has led to national misgovernment by women officeholders, and by self-seeking hypocrites and scalawags of both sexes who get into office by the women's vote.

The masculine rebels will lay great stress upon the fact that women, in becoming a social class, have ceased to be a sex. To uphold this view they will contrast the birth rate with the accumulation of wealth in women's hands. And what the percentage will be by the time this revolt gets going is hard to say.

Already the women of America hold 40 per cent of the nation's private wealth. They are now inheriting about 70 per cent of every estate left by men, so their control of wealth is bound to increase enormously.

The insurgents will be certain to attack our women-

Our Men VOLT?

An Observer from Abroad Points ut Some Things that Might Happen if Women Continue Their High-Handed Bossing of Husbands

help-women movement—our growing freemasonry of feminism which we have with us today in the form of clubs, associations, and a general conspiracy of sex aimed at giving this and that "little girl a hand."

The flames of man's revolt will be fed by every arbitrary attitude that American wives assume toward their husbands, by every whim and caprice we now defend so jealously along with our political prerogative.

Not the least of our men's resentments against us will be their rancor toward alimony courts as conducted today. The outrageous injustice of these institutions will surely be paid for, sooner or later, by American womankind.

It will be said on the day of man's revolt that women have, through the huge predominance of female teachers in grade and secondary schools, been deliberately feminizing, emasculating the youth of the nation, making our boys subservient to the female cult of "niceness," maleducating them for the harsh realities of life.

Man's revolt will be unjust, no doubt, to millions of women. As in all revolutions, the innocent will suffer along with the guilty.

But the uprising will not come without provocation.

FOREIGNERS are continually amazed by the egotism of American women. Nowhere else in the world do women *run* their men as do the women of America. European women don't get away with anything like it; I know they don't, for I was raised in Europe, and I have been in this country long enough to formulate a pretty good comparison. During my five years' residence here I have traveled more widely in this country than has the average American. I have acquired a tremendous respect for the quiet, courageous, canny type of American womanhood, and I have acquired a tremendous contempt for the self-centered, self-sufficient type. But even the best, the wisest of American women are bossier toward their men, it seems to me, than are the women of Europe. And, much as the American man may appreciate the active partnership he gets from his womenfolk, I believe he would gladly do without some of it if he could thereby be less bossed around.

Take the question of housing, for instance.

In nine cases out of ten the location of the American home is dictated by the woman. Perhaps she wheedles her husband into believing the site has been of his choosing—but he lives where she pleases.

And how much space does she give him inside the house? As a rule he gets one twin bed in a room entirely arranged and decorated to suit his wife. He may also be given a bureau and part of a closet. If he's lucky.

At the home of an eminent New York lawyer I was much amused to find the closet of his private study, where he keeps various books, also full of his wife's clothes. They have a ten-room apartment.

Very rarely, I find, does the man of the house have a bedroom of his own. When he does, the closet space in his room is often usurped by his wife.

EDGAR McGRAW

MANY wage-earning wives keep on working because they insist upon spending more than their husbands can earn. Such women are subjugating their men.

There are almost no more "dens" in America, no more inviolate little rooms sacred to the pipes, poker chips, and other sentimental paraphernalia of the household male. In the rare homes where a "den" still exists for the husband, I find it usually invaded by a sewing machine or some other wifely belonging, parked in what the wife obviously considers unused territory.

One disgruntled American husband I know maintains that "most of us are nothing but overnight guests in our wives' houses."

Far more serious, I think, is the fact that the women of this country have suppressed every public meeting place where men used to forgather without benefit of women. Just as the royal tyrants of old France made it unlawful for liberals of any brand to meet in private; just as the Czars' hired gunmen hunted down and persecuted Russia's pioneers of freedom wherever they met secretly; so the women of America have, by prohibition and Puritanism, done their best to stamp out every means by which their men could get away from them for a few hours and be men among men.

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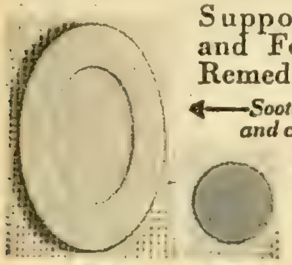
and risk infection; or use caustic liquids or plasters—they often cause acid burn. BE SAFE! Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the Pink Medicated Disks, included at no extra cost, to quickly remove corns and callouses. At drug and shoe stores. Made by the makers of Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and Foot Remedies for all foot troubles.

CORNS BETWEEN TOES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Medicated DISK quickly loosens and removes corns and callouses.

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The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Prize fights are infested with women; baseball games are polluted by women; and all the speakeasies are full of women celebrating the death of the old saloon—where women did not go.

Equality may be a great thing for women, but what about a little *privacy* for men?

Women now have more private meeting places than they ever had before. We have our beauty parlors, our shops, department stores, our clubs, tea rooms, pet speakeasies—where we meet in feminine privacy.

"But, my dear," shrilled three women friends of mine when I mentioned this, "men are by themselves all day at the office!"

They are *not.* In every office now sit women secretaries, stenographers, executives. Outside of his shower bath the modern man rarely finds a womanless spot.

I know any number of women who pride themselves on the fact that they go everywhere their men go, do everything their men do. They don't realize, of course, that they are wearing out the sex chivalry of their men, blunting all the masculine technique of "pursuit" and courtship, driving their men to sex indifference through constant proximity. The result, I am sure, lies in the fact that I often hear such women say how much more expertly European men employ those gestures and acts which make a woman feel like a queen among women.

THE increased proximity between men and women in America has been brought about very largely by economic forces. But it is in the field of economics that women are gaining, not only through their newfound independence, but also through the use of their old sex privileges.

Men executives excuse the periodical "nervousness" of women employees on the ground of physical exigency. Men executives tolerate office girls in clothes that are sexually provocative; office girls consider such attire to be their inalienable right.

On the other hand, thousands of women in business are capable, efficient, ambitious, painstaking. Consequently there is a growing number of large business offices where the women secretaries of big executives have become virtual dictators.

More than most of us realize have they their dainty fingers in all the hiring and firing of the men.

Now, you can't keep people like that from becoming a political machine eventually. And our business women are certainly getting to be people like that. In time, it seems to me, the women of America will be automatically certain, through the slow but sure growth of their bureaucracy, to take over the political government of the United States.

Already we have examples of female encroachment which appear highly significant. A widow "inherits" her husband's place in Congress; a woman representing the peace interests of this nation has been sent to Geneva; a woman in the highest political position recently defied the foreign policy of the government for the sake of airing her private opinion.

DEEPER and far more dangerous are the changes being wrought by women through their market value as workers. In 1930 eleven million women were gainfully employed in this country. Approximately one quarter of them were married.

I do not argue for a moment against the employment of married women. Many of them are obliged to earn their own living or starve. Many of them have children dependent upon them for support. But, as every student of labor knows, among these wage-earning wives are many who keep on working because they insist upon spending more money on themselves than their husbands can earn.

By thousands, women of this sort are subjugating their men, ousting their husbands and children from their social scheme.

Recently there was a demand that married women be deprived of their jobs. Was this a rumble of the thunder to come?

The spendthrift elegance for which American women have made themselves notorious, the cost of their clothes, the care of their bodies—all these are even now engendering bitterness in men's hearts.

A few days ago I saw a man stop and stare at the window display of a fashionable Fifth Avenue dressmaking establishment. He was obviously unemployed. His suit, once decent, was shabby and worn. I saw him look at the expensive feminine things in the window, then I saw him raise his fist and shake it. On his face I saw a look of smoldering rage.

Did you ever hear of the French Revolution? It began like that.

Furious as were the people of France against the whole overlord class in 1793, there is reason to believe that compromise could have persuaded them away from the bloody days of the Terror had their hatred not been concentrated upon the person of a woman.

They could never forgive the king for Marie Antoinette, his foreign queen who betrayed them. In her tyrannical reign of folly they saw their ruin; her spendthrift vanity led the whole court to extravagant living for which the people had to pay through taxes, through slavish unpaid labor. Woman preposterously glorified, woman corrupt, pampered, and insatiable they beheld as their enemy.

Whether they knew it or not, the fierce street mobs in revolutionary France were in revolt subconsciously against woman and all the wasteful things that her rulership stood for.

Now, if our American men revolt against American women, how will they conduct *their* revolution, and what will be the changes they demand?

I see, first, the prospect of irate manhood raising a reactionary revolution—a return, that is, to the old relations between the sexes. I see the men taking away from their women by force a great many of the jobs and "rights" so dear to feminism—driving their women back to domestic duties. That's one possibility.

ON the other hand, it might be a progressive revolution. In this case I see the men forcing women to an absolute form of that very equality which they now claim and strive for. I see women being conscripted into active military service. I see the obligation of marriage completely nullified. By the new social code of this revolt a woman would have children entirely at her own cost and peril. The children would belong only to her. They would be hers to support without aid or interference. The men would be relieved of all burdens of fatherhood, though the mother could give or sell the children to their father if he wanted them more than she did.

Perhaps you will say that I am wildly imaginative. But if you look back at the history of any true social revolution you will see that the possibilities I have indicated here are extremely mild.

As to the reign of terror our men may inflict upon us in the heat of their revolutionary violence—that, I can see, might be managed in various ways.

It strikes me as highly probable that they might deem themselves too civilized to maul us and butcher us and carry our heads through the streets on pikes. Among the examples they might follow I have in mind the old Greek play Lysistrata, in which some Greek wives who object to war are seen coercing their husbands to pacifism by withdrawing their bedtime favors until the boys stop fighting.

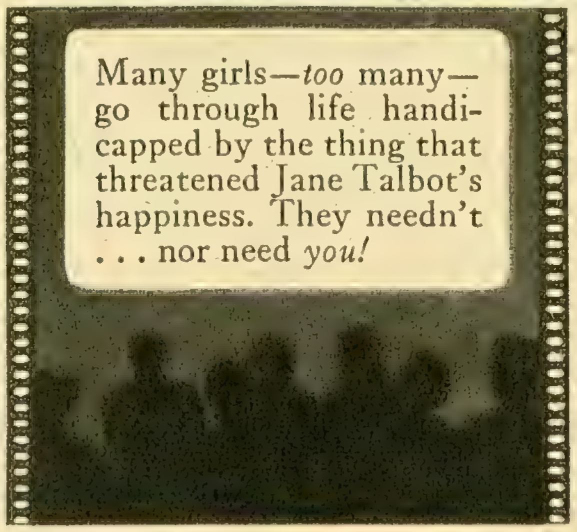
It seems reasonable to think of our men basing their revolution on some such strategy. Employing the nuptial boycott. What would we do if they withdrew *their* favors until we stopped bossing?

And how much more bossing are they going to stand for?

THE END

REAL LIFE MOVIES

Jane's Dream Comes True



Many girls—*too* many—go through life handicapped by the thing that threatened Jane Talbot's happiness. They needn't . . . nor need *you!*

2. Jane Talbot's employers quickly decided she had "everything" . . . verve, personality and intelligence . . . everything that brings success.

3. And Jane dreamed of the day when she would be a buyer . . . and go to France . . . perhaps be a personage herself in the world of style . . .

4. Then — something happened to Jane. She lost her smile . . . tired easily, grew irritable. It came at last—a reprimand from the manager.

5. That night Jane went to Betty Lane, her nurse friend. Betty suggested it was *constipation.* Then she offered some simple, common sense advice.

6. Jane's new health program,* including Post's Bran Flakes *regularly*, brought back her energy, her charm. Until . . . one day her dream came true.

NOW YOU PAY FAR LESS!

FOR THE EXTRA HEALTH BENEFITS—OF THIS DELICIOUS BRAN CEREAL

Post's
BRAN
FLAKES
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THE NEW CRISP-PACK
NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN

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Don't let intestinal sluggishness, due to lack of bulk in the diet, rob you of the good things of life . . . romance, success, friends. *Eat plenty of fruit and vegetables, drink lots of water, exercise . . . and begin eating Post's Bran Flakes *regularly*.

Post's Bran Flakes is now much lower in price—so low that *everybody* can afford this delicious and effective cereal. So serve Post's Bran Flakes often! Even more delicious now—because it's *Crisp-Pack*. A product of General Foods.

ALSO BIG ECONOMY PACKAGE

We have also made available to your grocer a big economy package. Thrifty buyers will welcome the important added savings its extra contents supply.

Diana's DIARY

Some Bad News from Her Dream Man

Words and Picture by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 8 minutes 5 seconds.)

MONDAY: Oh gosh, all I do is read over David's telegram—"Tickled to death you have joined Scandals. I can't let my family know. Will explain later." I can't make out what he means by "Can't let my family know." First I thought they might object, then I thought it was just a phony excuse to cover up some other dame, but anyhow, I'm going to quit worrying till I hear from him.

Oh boy, this is the first day of my show girl career. Ever since I attached my curves to the fractured line in George White's Scandals the little kid has been all merried up, don't think she hasn't.

Who the hello would think that the Arcade Barber Shop's head manicurist would win a beauty prize an' be frolicking before the footlights? Manicuring may be alright Diary, but why should *I* be dipping guys' lunch hooks in finger bowls and be listening to a load of nitwit palava when I can just as well be cutting up steps and making merry to sin-co-pay-ted jazz? Listen Diary, if there's anything I crave, it's throwing a mean and hotsy hip to the bigger and better depression guys in the bald-headed row. Ab-so-lute-ly they love it! Yeah, and by the time "George" gets through putting me through the dance numbers, I'll be tossing a Rumba that will knock Havana's best hootch dancer for a row of empties, don't think I won't. This idea of being an actress has me tickled silly. Really, I just can't wait till the asbestos rises on the opening night so my great big "Dream Boy," David, can watch me step.

TUESDAY: Oh gosh, Oh gee, I'm so sore I can hardly write. My legs are nearly ruined from too much high kicking. Being a chorine may be the bug's brazzier but I certainly feel like a four letter word ending in *L*.

Well, now that I'm in a show I certainly went extravaganting today and blew myself proper. To begin with, the kid's gone *platinum!!* Honest it's true! Yes, and not only *that*, I'm sporting the last word in waves—the "Earhart Clip." Chase me boys, I'm taking off! Aside from that, I bought the cutest silk scarf you ever layed a chin on. It's red, white and blue with teeny weeny words reading "Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment." Hot zig and a coupla yows. I'll bet when David sees me he'll just go crazy—you bad bad boy, why haven't I heard from you?

WEDNESDAY: Oh Diary, I certainly had a terrible dream last night. I dreamed I was *back* in that gosh darned barber shop yessing guys and going through the motions of polishing nails. It serves me right for going against that Chinee food. Every time I eat the darned stuff the bed gets full of dragons, snakes and kangaroos.

If I do say so myself, I sure was bitten by a fox when I stashed the manicure table for the footlights. Hell's bells, I got so fed up clipping cellophane and listening to guys beefing about their big moments I was just about nerts. Being a cuticle pusher may be the berries but a girl sure gets dizzy blocking the same old line of lingo those frail killers pass out. If you give 'em an inch the first thing you know they want to promote you into the fancy foodstuffs, matinee you or surround you with phony nick-nacks—what a laf! The windup is they try to ease right into your apartment to keep you from being lonesome. A panic, ain't it? Oh David, why the heck don't you write me? All I do is dream and imagine things.

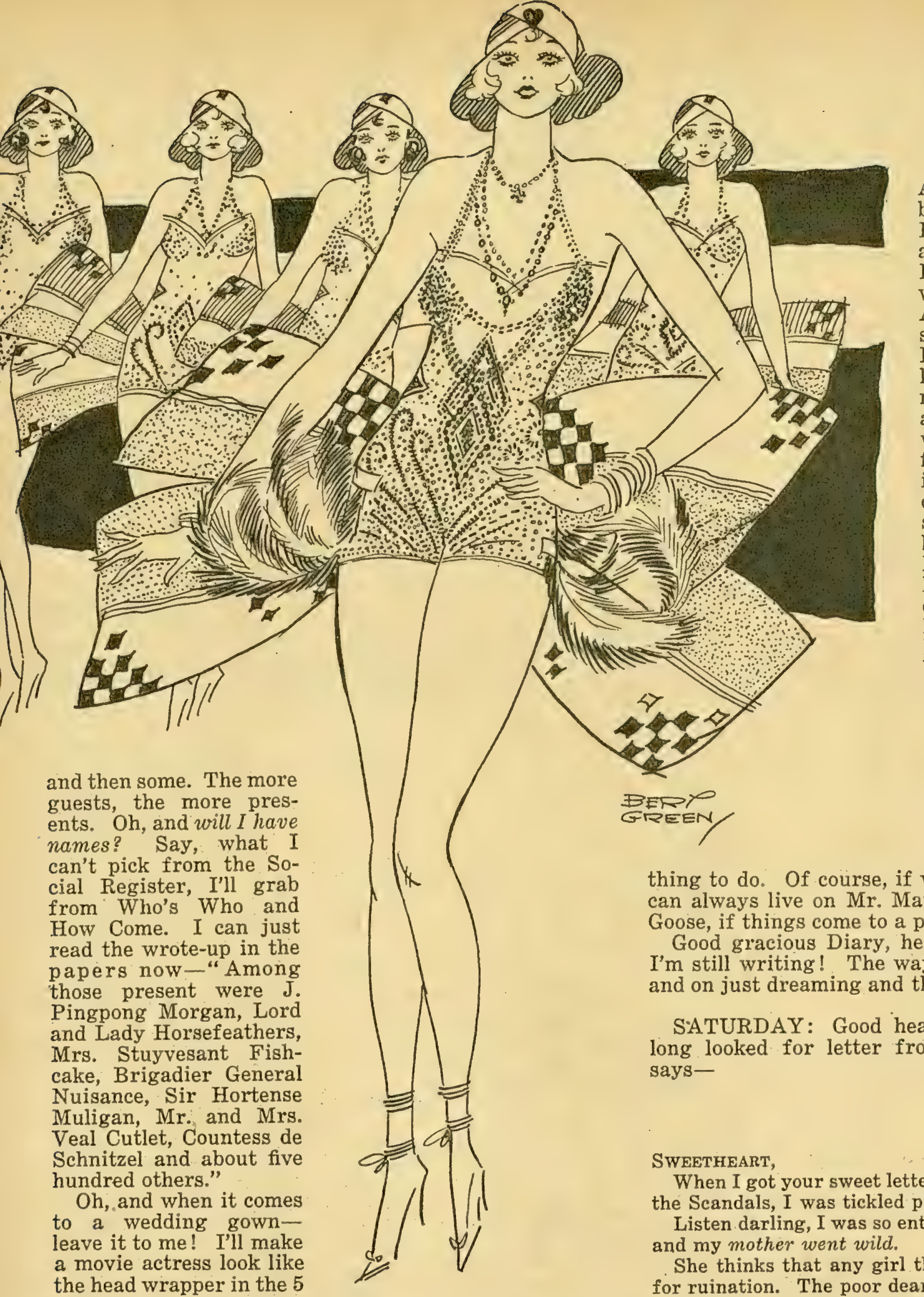
THURSDAY: Had a finger wave put in the locks this morning and paid another installment on my radio. Six more bucks and the darned thing will be paid for—and out of date.

Marion was in to see me and she was raving. Hot diggity! Somehow or other her sweetie's bank folded and it looks to me like she's going to be between checks for awhile. The boy friend runs a dress shop and according to *her*, he stuck a sign on the outside reading—"CLOSING OUT—CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS." I'm afraid Marion will have to check the lobsters and cavier for a bit of home cooking! Meow!

Marion says, "I no sooner choose myself a guy with important money than something happens and I gotta go to work!"

I can't imagine why I haven't heard from David. I'm lonesome as h——!

FRIDAY: Good crimps, I feel so romantic tonight I don't know what's come over me. Maybe it's because I went to a wedding this afternoon which made me imagine myself being married to a wealthy boy like David. Ever since, sweet thoughts like that seem to run through my mind. Let's see, what kind of a wedding will *I* have? Oh, I know, I'll throw one of those *great big snooty affairs* that will toss Newport for a row of radishes. I'll have the church so cluttered up with lillies, and orchids, and palms and things the customers will think they're in a greenhouse. I'll invite *everybody* who can talk English



If there's anything I crave, it's throwing a mean hip to the bigger and better depression guys in the bald-headed row.

and then some. The more guests, the more presents. Oh, and *will I have names?* Say, what I can't pick from the Social Register, I'll grab from Who's Who and How Come. I can just read the wrote-up in the papers now—"Among those present were J. Pingpong Morgan, Lord and Lady Horsefeathers, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fishcake, Brigadier General Nuisance, Sir Hortense Muligan, Mr. and Mrs. Veal Cutlet, Countess de Schnitzel and about five hundred others."

Oh, and when it comes to a wedding gown—leave it to me! I'll make a movie actress look like the head wrapper in the 5 and 10. For instance, "The bride wore a beautiful princess gown of white satin with a tight fitting bodice and short puffed sleeves." Chase me girls, I'm goofy. "Her veil was of real lace, an heirloom of the Manton family that had been worn by the bridegroom's great-great-grandmother!" HOT DOG!

Let's see, and where will we percolate for our honeymoon? To Niagara? Hell *no!* You can go there any time on a trolley car. Oh I know where we'll go—we'll go to *Europe* where all the big shots play. We'll hire the bridal suite on a big barge like the Leviathan, the Ile de France or the Europia, that's what we'll do. Why not? There's nothing too good for the Irish. They tell me all those big boats have fountains in the bridal suites. Can you imagine? I can just see David and me lying in bed watching the fountain play while we're knocking over the ham and eggs. A howl, ain't it?

Oh yes, and when we get to Paris we'll take in the Louvre (whatever that is) and the Chumps de Leezay too, —how do you spell it Diary? My French is brutal. After we see that, we'll bounce over to the Follies Bergere, see the show, and after the show we'll crash the Latin Quarter and mingle with the naughty night life. All my life I've been crazy to see the dancing girls, the Russian gigelos and all that kind of thing I've heard so much about. Oh, it must be all so wonderful. Then when we get tired of Paris, we'll fly over to Neice, wherever it is, and live in Mr. Manton's chateau on the Riviera. David says it's all surrounded with beautiful high cliffs—I guess like they have in Missouri. He says it looks right down on the blue waters of the Mediterranean— Excuse me Diary, while I get the garbage can off the dumbwaiter. —From the way David talks, it must be heavenly.

Oh, and when we get back to New York, we'll build a house on Park Avenue and board it up and then live in Palm Beach. I don't know why those wealthy people do that, but it seems to be the thing to do. Of course, if we don't like Palm Beach, we can always live on Mr. Manton's steam yacht, the Wild Goose, if things come to a pinch.

Good gracious Diary, here it is nearly midnight and I'm still writing! The way I feel I could go on and on and on just dreaming and thinking about David.

SATURDAY: Good heavens Diary, here I get this long looked for letter from David and read what it says—

Shadylawn,
Southampton,
Long Island.

SWEETHEART,

When I got your sweet letter telling me that you had joined the Scandals, I was tickled pink. I think it's just grand.

Listen darling, I was so enthused I sprung it on the family, and my *mother went wild.*

She thinks that any girl that goes on the stage is headed for ruination. The poor dear is a bit old-fashioned in things like that.

To be very candid, she wants me to marry a society deb by the name of Gloria VanBexel, but to my way of thinking, there's nothing stirring! I'm so fed up with polo ponies, yachting parties, and social stuff, I'm all out of shape.

But don't you care Diana, I love *you* and that's all that matters. As soon as things blow over a little I'll be in to see you—perhaps early next week.

All my love,
DAVID.

SUNDAY: Oh gosh, my hopes are all shattered. Here I've been thinking and dreaming and praying for a wonderful boy like David and along comes his mother putting up a squark. Heaven only knows what I'm going to do now. I think I'll go to bed and forget it, at least till the morning.

Further adventures of Diana will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Vox

Senator Norris Apparently Started Something

CLEVELAND, OHIO—What's all this propaganda by Senator George W. Norris under the title of "Why I Am a Better Republican than President Hoover"?

I say it is the rankest kind of bunk to imply, as Senator Norris does, that President Hoover is not much else but the champion of Big Business. Why, look at the constructive measures the man has sponsored!

Senator Norris thinks Roosevelt will give "the common man" a square deal. I say, if the common man wants to land in the ditch, just let him get up on the Democratic donkey's back all ready for a joy ride.—*F. Williams, a Far-Seeing Republican.*

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Would that this country had more men like Senator George W. Norris, fearless and with a love for humanity—and more magazines like Liberty, unafraid to publish the truth.—*K. Nausell.*

RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Your article by the Honorable Senator George Norris of Nebraska said everything that I think a good Republican would *not* say.

If George Washington himself had been President these last four years, fault would have been found with him. I think President Hoover has done all that he could possibly do, with conditions all over the world as they have been.

Here's to the next President of the United States—President Herbert Hoover!—*A Constant Reader.*

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Of all the clear-cut, humane, and hope-inspiring articles ever published, "Why I Am a Better Republican than President Hoover" is the most admirable in many a day.

That Liberty accorded it space and the wide range of its circulation is a fitting testimonial to the author, Senator Norris, and portrays the high aim of your magazine as regards the vital interests of the American people.

I, too, am a Republican of long standing. The good old ship is not sinking; it has been laid up before. But this time it goes into the drydock, where it should have gone before, and when it slides down the ways again, all the old barnacles—Hoovers, Coolidges, Smoots, Willards, and their ilk—will have been removed.

Then, manned with a clear-minded young All-American crew, it will be a safer ship on which to embark.—*J. J. M.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—"Why I Am a Better Republican than President Hoover" should have been entitled, "Why I Try to be a Better Politician than President Hoover."

What a trite tirade that article turned out to be!

Is Senator Norris trying to insinuate that President Hoover owns 90 per cent or, at least, a controlling interest in all of the larger corporations and financial institutions of the country?

So Senator Norris thinks Roosevelt "has the heart and the vision that Hoover lacks"!

We are all, nations and individuals, endeavoring to emerge from the most gigantic business crisis this world has ever seen.

Do we, right now, need for the Presidency a two-fisted, hard-headed, analytically minded, fearless business man who has been trained to big business—or, instead, one whose acts are governed by a temperamental so-called "heart" and "vision"?

The answer is obvious.—*J. Young.*

HARTFORD, CONN.—Thought that I had squandered another nickel on Liberty again, but after reading the article by Senator Norris I'd have paid a dollar for it. Wotta man!

Any time you want your shoes shined, Senator, I'll crawl to Washington on my hands and knees to do it for you.—*Paul R. Cady.*

TOPEKA, KAN.—Senator Norris! Ye gods! if he is a Republican I am a better Democrat than Thomas Jefferson because I voted for Roosevelt, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, and am going to support Hoover again.—*C. F. T.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—One of the worst aspects of America's political system is that so many of us merely inherit our politics, and utterly fail to think for ourselves. We are Democrats or Republicans by birth and training, not by force of intelligence.

And that is why Senator Norris' article was so refreshing. He hit "party regularity."

Here's hoping Republicans all over the country will vote with independent wisdom, and not just from habit. That means they must overcome ancient prejudices and vote for Roosevelt!—*P. Morrison.*

America's Thirst

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Due respect and praise to Mrs. Sabin and to her article, "Why American Mothers Demand Repeal!" But here are a few logical pointers she missed. I may be dumb, but why is it that the wets want repeal so they can sell more beer, wine, etc., when they keep telling us that there is more drinking now than before prohibition? The sales of the soft-drink industries have reached a total volume far greater than the total sales of the brewing industry in 1919.

If the brewing industry should start again it would naturally take business away from the soft-drink industries. There would be no net gain in the total number of persons employed in all industries. The brewing industry never employed as many men, per thousand-dollar output or investment, as these industries of today.

William S. Palmese

About our youth? Do teachers or college presidents or the youth organizations say that prohibition is ruining youth? No! It's only the political office seekers and headline hunters who say "yes."

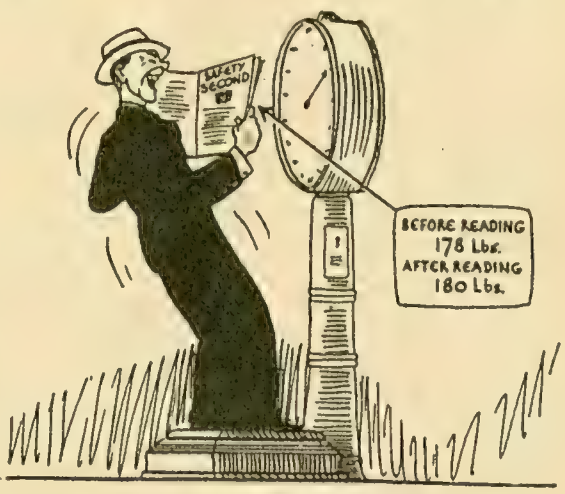
I wonder if I am the one who is really dumb.—*William S. Palmese.*

The Debatable Mr. Benchley

BERNIE, MO.—Bob Benchley's "Safety Second." Ouch! *Crazy!* Who buys articles for Liberty? Is he goofy too?—*Ruth.*

TOLEDO, OHIO—I say, Vox Popsie, ole bean! Why doesn't Liberty give us one of Sir Bob Benchley's giggle mixtures in every issue? Why, he's the preservation of humanity in human form!

Do you know that I actually gained two pounds from the hearty laugh resulting from "Safety Second"? My doctor is about to recommend Liberty to all of his patients. So won't you tell Bob to stop thinking for a moment and give us some more of his good nonsense?—*M. M. Mundwiler.*


SAFETY SECOND
BEFORE READING 178 Lbs.
AFTER READING 180 Lbs.

Pop

We'll Take Spinach

WILMINGTON, DEL.—I'm fed up with reading Princess Kropotkin's recipes in "To the Ladies!" It's about time I gave two recipes of my own.

The first one is a very delicate dish for a guy who has been on a big drunk. We used to serve it in France.

Take the dust off a bunch of Flanders field poppies. Next, stir the juices of lilac blossoms into a batter. Add just a dash of fleas' hairs and a sprinkling of hen's teeth. Bake three hours in a cold oven and serve on a loose leaf.

And this is how you prepare the second one: a fish *à la Gare.* First catch the fish. Clean well. Find a green oak board the same length and width as said fish and one inch thick. Split fish and tack, flesh side down, on the board. Bake nine hours. Let cool. Throw fish away and eat the board.

Other recipes on request.—*Chef de Gare.*

You Call That a "Little" Propaganda?

TOLEDO, OHIO—Continue to ring the Liberty bell regarding the elimination of unemployment at the earliest possible moment! And now, how about giving us a little propaganda regarding old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, a six-hour day, a five-day week, and a guaranty against loss of bank deposits?

Personally I am considered a "full-dinner-pail" Republican, but not the model that intends to live on promises any longer. Thus one more vote for a liberal. His name is Franklin D. Roosevelt. A really *Democratic* Democrat!—*Thomas Oakes.*

Thomas Oakes

Highbrow or Lowbrow, We Like You

HARTFORD, CONN.—I am what is popularly known as a highbrow. I have been reading your magazine for about a year and am astounded at its really high quality. I honestly believe that no other magazine has given such an impetus to really good writing.

It has been, without any doubt, the biggest force in developing such a highly articulate form as the short short story. —*R. Iverse.*

Tut, Tut, Mr. Tutwiler

DETROIT, MICH.—When people ask me what's wrong with Liberty I get a big laugh. *Everything's* wrong with it.

It might look all right in certain places. It would look fine at the bottom of the ocean being nibbled at by a shark, or on a big coal shovel about to be thrown into a hot furnace.—*A Man Named Tutwiler.*

Something Tells Us You Have a Good Mind, Herb

SALEM, MASS.—What does Donald MacPherson, from Quincy, Mass., mean by asking you to discontinue Vox Pop, just because he doesn't like it? He says he likes the editorials better. Well, let him read them, and leave our Vox Pop alone. If it wasn't for your two weekly pages of letters from readers, how could MacPherson have the chance to see his letter in print? Guess what's the first thing I go for when I open Liberty. You guessed it! That outrageous mixture of fun, wisdom, and downright goofiness: Vox Pop!—*Herbert T. Osgood.*

Herbert T. Osgood

You Two Girls Had Better Have—

CHICAGO, ILL.—How come that Frederick James Smith only gave one star to one of the best films of the year, "Love Me Tonight"? I'll admit that the end was silly, but the rest of it was whimsical and delightful.

To cap the climax, he refers to the "smutty dialogue" in that picture. It is *not* smutty. It's just amusingly *risqué.*—*Girl Who Can Judge a Movie.*

—a Nice Long Bicker About Blushing

KANSAS CITY, MO.—My hat goes off to Frederick James Smith, one reviewer who dares to call a smutty film just that. He's not afraid of being considered low-brow or unsophisticated either (and he isn't). I'm a married woman and not so old, but some of the modern movies make me blush.—*Mrs. M. E. Miller.*

Aw, Try Writing 'Em Yourself

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—If all of Albert M. Treynor's story, "Firemen Are a Menace," had been as funny as parts of it, it would have been a d—— funny yarn. Tell Mr. Treynor I laughed at his story—but not frequently, long, or loud. —*Man Who Wants 'Em Funnier.*

"The Fight for the Forgotten Man"

BALTIMORE, MD.—Who says an editor can no longer be a crusader in a good cause, or that a national magazine can no longer push a constructive idea to a successful conclusion?

A realization of what a force for betterment a publication can be was brought home to me when I read Louis Howe's article, "The Fight for the Forgotten Man." In that write-up I learned that it was an editorial in Liberty that caught Governor Roosevelt's imagination and started him on his drive to place jobless families on abandoned farms.

No more constructive plan could be devised than Roosevelt's back-to-the-land program. It is well up in the van of the great national movement to put unemployed family men, with farming experience, back on the soil.—*F. C.*

Triple Bull's-Eye!

CORNER BROOK, NEWFOUNDLAND—Hurrah for Liberty, with its up-to-date articles and thrilling stories!

"It's Paris," by Penrhyn Stanlaws, was an ingenious and beautiful bit of work. Philip Wylie's "The Easy Miracle" rang the bell loudly. And B. McCowen's covers prove him an artist, and when I say an artist I mean *artist.* —*Robert G. Gill.*

Lay Off! He's Found a New Asylum

TOLEDO, OHIO—Hurry up and get all the drawings you can from the nutty Dr. Seuss. He won't be at large much longer now. I know. I'm his—*Keeper.*

No. With Your Experience You Don't Need Help

DALLAS, TEX.—I had a dream a short time ago. Or perhaps you'd call it a nightmare. I dreamed I was a robber who, one dark evening, met your comic (?) star, Bert Green, and said, sez I, "Bert, with your nerve—for writing such stuff as 'Diana's Diary'—and my experience, we could clean up!"

Am I right or am I right?—*Stanley Patton.*

TIME OUT

By PAUL JONES

(Reading time: 21 minutes 40 seconds.)

IN cell Number 89, which is on the eastern side of Yarrowdale, two prisoners shook hands.

"Tonight's the night," said Spike. "Tonight we go. Out the tunnel under the beet field, and across to the road. From there we can get into Yarrowdale village, and it ought to be a cinch to get fixed up at Gogarty's Joint."

Wilton Willoughby smiled for the first time in three years—since Irene and Lily, his first two wives, had secured a court order sentencing him to jail for nonpayment of alimony.

"We worked hard on that tunnel," he said. "Eighteen months is a long time. It'd be a shame if anything went wrong at the last minute." He glanced at the sky, or the little patch of it visible through the tiny window. "It's cold and the ground's hard. Maybe we'd better not go out for football practice."

"How're we going to get out of it?"

"I guess we can't. You know, Spike, I don't feel right about this. They're depending on me for that game tomorrow. The warden won't like it if we're not there."

A key grated in the lock and the door swung open. Spike immediately sat down on his bunk, where his legs would hide the infinitesimal traces of their work around the flagstone covering the entrance to the tunnel.

"See the warden in ten minutes. You, I mean!" The guard pointed to Willoughby.

"Me?"

"Yes, you." The door slammed shut.

"We're sunk," Spike decided. "He's wise."

Willoughby was more optimistic. "I don't think so. If he knew anything about the tunnel he'd have us both up, wouldn't he?"

"That's right," Spike agreed.

The door opened again and the guard thrust his head inside. "Get your junk together, Spike," he ordered. "We're moving you over to the other side."

"What?"

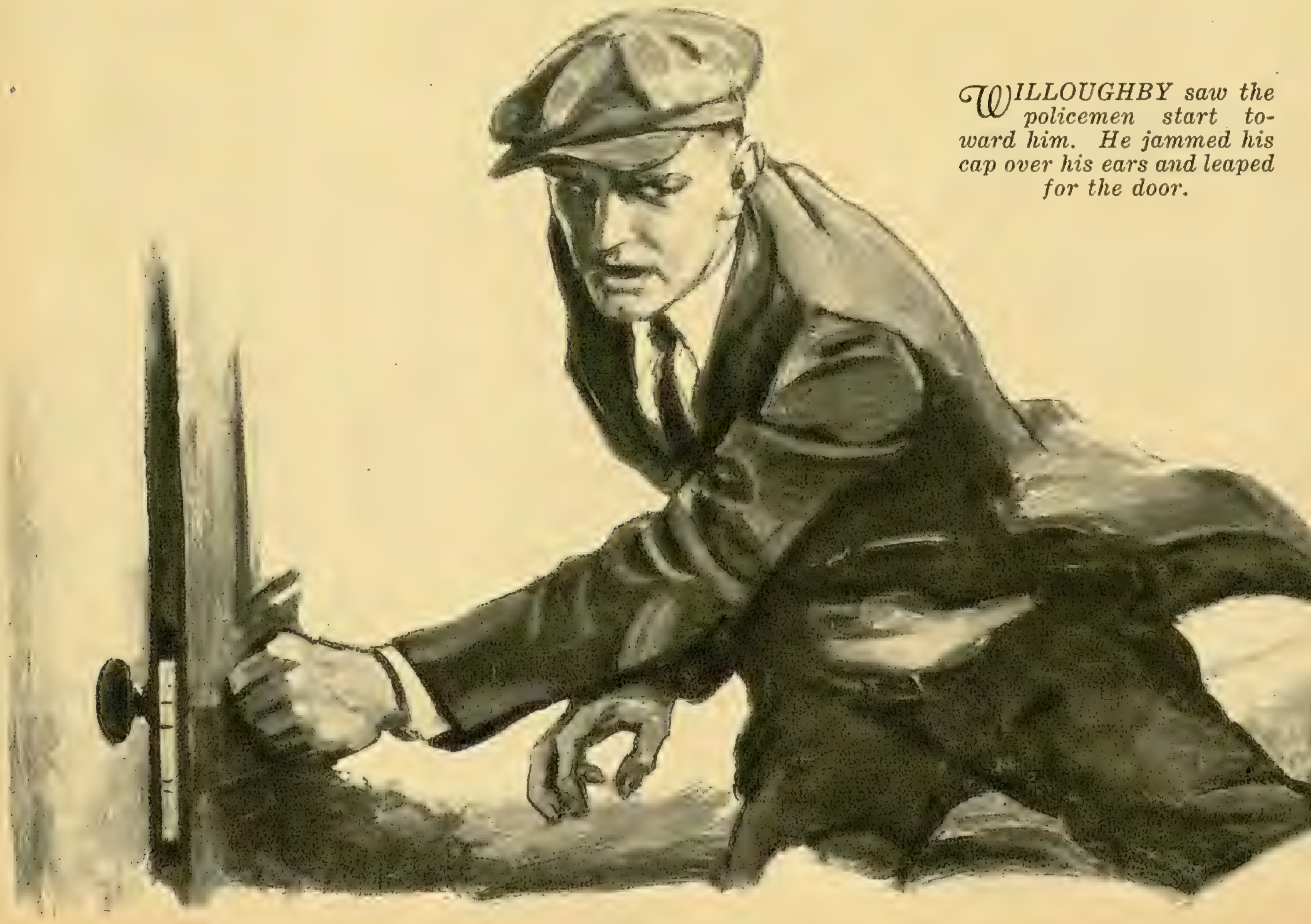
"You heard me. Step on it!" The guard disappeared.

Eighteen months' work crashed around Spike's ears. "Somebody ratted on us. It's the tunnel, all right."

Ten minutes later Willoughby was admitted to Warden Doppel's office. The head of Yarrowdale was sitting behind a vast desk, a large man smoking a large cigar.

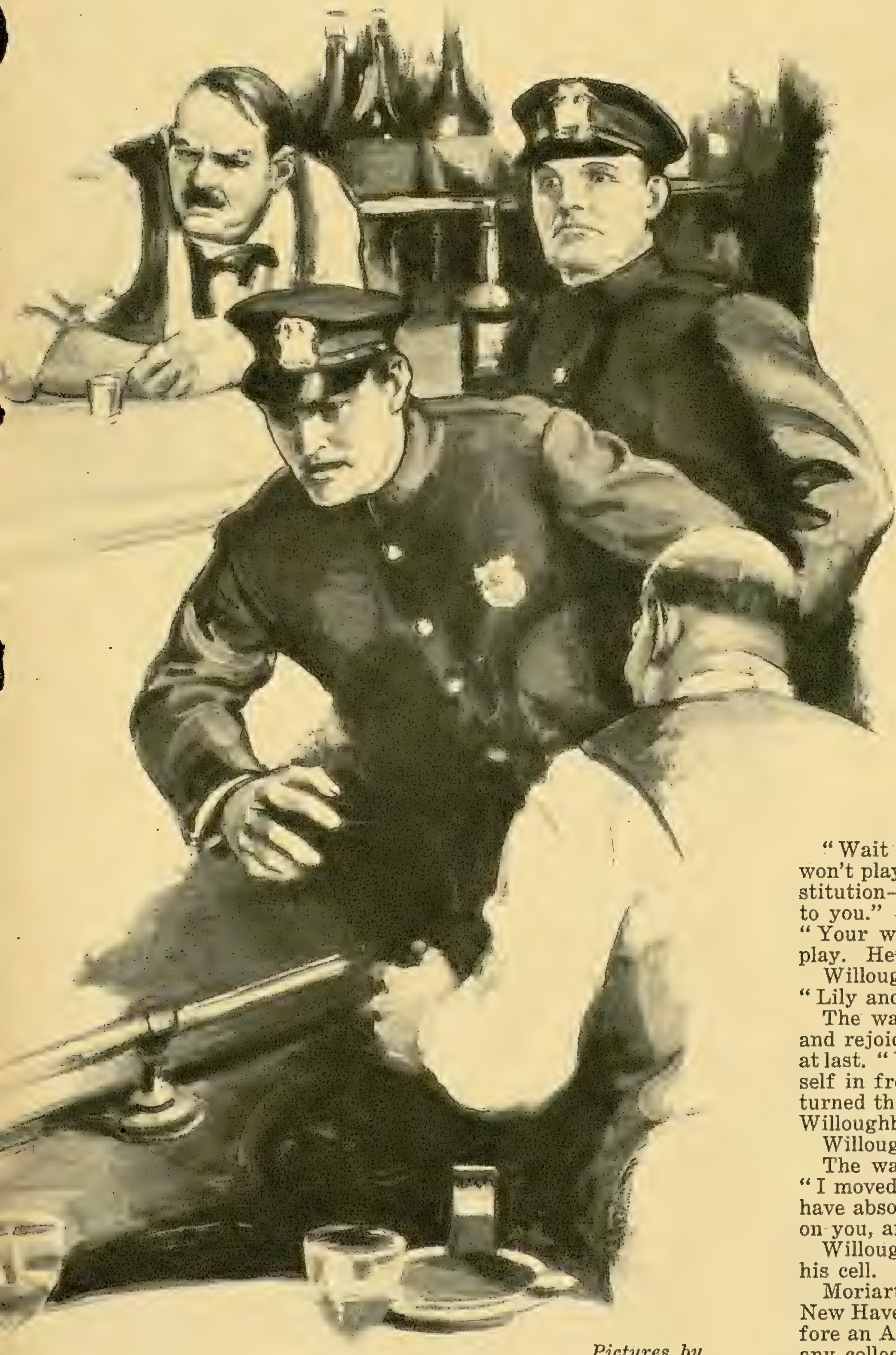
He looked at Willoughby coldly. "I've had my eye on you and Spike for the last month," he barked. Willoughby shifted his feet, bracing himself for the shock.

The warden rolled his cigar to the other corner of his mouth and spoke again. "I've been noticing things." He got up suddenly. Willoughby shrank as the warden put his hand to his pocket. "Sit down. Have a cigar."



WILLOUGHBY saw the policemen start toward him. He jammed his cap over his ears and leaped for the door.

The Story of a Football Player Who Shook Himself Loose from His Alimony



Pictures by DELOS PALMER

The object in his hand was a dark and oily Havana.

Willoughby sank into a chair and waved the cigar away. "No, thanks, warden. I'm in training."

"That's what I want to talk to you about. Football. You're going stale, Willoughby! You're not showing the right spirit." He paused. "Here in Yarrowdale we think a lot of football. We want to win; and I just want to tell you, Willoughby, that we're counting on you for tomorrow's game with Yarrowdale Police."

Willoughby looked faintly bored. "Yes, sir."

"It's a sell-out already," the warden went on, "and we've got to give these people a show." He leaned over Willoughby and blew a cloud of acrid smoke into his face. "I want to see some action. You hate these birds, see? You want to get out there and kill 'em!"

"Yes, sir."

THE warden looked at him and saw that he had not roused the lion in Willoughby. He changed tactics. "This is the biggest game of the year," he pleaded, "and we're going to lose it unless you show some of the old Yarrowdale spirit."

"Yes, sir. Is that all?"

"Wait a minute, Willoughby. If you won't play for the school—I mean the institution—maybe this'll mean something to you." He found a letter in his files. "Your wives are coming up to see you play. Here's their reservation."

Willoughby took the sheet of note paper. "Lily and Irene both?"

The warden noted the hardening face and rejoiced that he had stirred his man at last. "You don't want to disgrace yourself in front of them, do you?" He returned the letter to the file. "That's all, Willoughby. You can go now."

Willoughby stood up.

The warden looked up from his desk. "I moved Spike out of your cell so you'd have absolute quiet. He's a bad influence on you, anyhow."

Willoughby returned thoughtfully to his cell.

Moriarty's the night before a game at New Haven, the old Bellevue the night before an Army-Navy game, any inn before any college game—that will give you an idea of what Gogarty's Joint was like at half past ten the night before the big game at Yarrowdale.

Yarrowdale isn't the right name, of

course. No other combination of syllables will ring the same chime in the memory of mankind as the real name of that great institution from whose walls, for generations, men have gone forth to battle the world. But the night before the big game they come back and forgather at the Joint to refresh themselves in the broad stream of Yarrowdale tradition.

Gogarty's four bartenders are kept busy sliding the cool glasses down the dark mahogany, refusing drinks, pocketing cigars, or dropping dimes into the tall glass by the cash register. Every one of the bartenders is a Yarrowdale man. Gogarty himself claims to have spent a term or two in the old place.

Even now there is no concealment about the Joint on the night before the big game. The police look the other way. It was ten forty-five when the door swung wide to admit a tall, lean young man. He entered almost with diffidence. His clothes had been made for a much shorter man, and a golf cap was pulled down over his ears.

At the entrance he hesitated and then walked up to the bar.

"What'll it be?" one of the bartenders asked.

The new arrival stroked his chin. "Make mine a short beer," he decided. When the bartender returned with the drink, he put down a dime and leaned across the polished wood. "Is the Doctor around?"

"Over there at the second table."

"Which one is the Doctor?"

The bartender looked at him suspiciously. Any real Yarrowdale man knows the leading alumnus as well as he knows the ivy around the main entrance. "Where are you from, buddy?"

"Just got out," said the other. "I took it on the lam. I want to see the Doctor."

"That's him with the white hair." The bartender took the empty glass and wiped away the ring. "What about the game tomorrow? How's it going to go?"

"I don't know. They got a pretty good club this year, but they tell me the police are pretty hot."

The bartender wagged his head. "I saw them play Sing Sing. They win by three touchdowns. They played a couple of ringers."

"They always play ringers." The stranger moved away. "I have to see the Doctor."

AT his approach the Doctor looked up with a question in his keen eyes. "Well, sir?"

"Doctor McFoley?"

The Doctor bowed. "Yes, sir. And who are you?"

"Spike said you'd help me."

"Any friend of his is welcome," the Doctor said, making a place on the long bench. "What'll you have?"

"I'll have a small beer," said the stranger, squeezing into a seat.

"How's Spike getting along? Let's see—he gets out in 1938, doesn't he?"

The younger man hesitated, looking at the other three men at the table.

His first two wives had secured a court order sentencing him to jail.

"Excuse me," said the Doctor, making the introductions. "Mr. Wafel, Mr. Coburn, Mr. Wagstar. All Yarrowdale men. Mr. Wagstar played with me on the '97 team. The year that we beat Atlanta forty-six to nothing."

"That was before my time." The stranger saw that they were waiting for his name and mumbled, after a moment's hesitation: "Hackenfelt's my name."

"When did you get out?" Mr. Wagstar inquired politely.

"Half an hour ago," said Hackenfelt, draining his beer. "I took it on the lam."

The men at the table looked at each other. "Pardon me," said the Doctor. "I'm not up on this modern slang."

"I mean I escaped," Hackenfelt explained.

"Took it on the lam. By Jove, that's a good one, isn't it, Wagstar?"

"Ripping," Wagstar echoed absently. He was looking at Hackenfelt in a puzzled way.

"Anyhow," Hackenfelt went on, "Spike and I made a tunnel under the Yard to the beet field. He was pulled out of the cell and transferred to the west wing this afternoon. So he couldn't make it. But he told me to look you up, Doctor, and you'd see me through to Chi."

"CERTAINLY," said McFoley heartily. "Any Yarrovian can count on my help. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll not only put you through to a man I know in Chicago, but I'll try to find something for you to do there. What's your line?"

"I'm a writer," Hackenfelt admitted.

"A writer?" The old alumnus wrinkled his forehead. "I didn't catch your name correctly, perhaps. I write a bit myself."

"I do my stuff under an assumed name," Hackenfelt explained. He saw Wagstar staring at his cap, and fingered it awkwardly. "Excuse me for keeping this on, but you know the haircuts they give you in the old place."

"Is Tony still there?" Mr. Coburn asked.

"Still there."

"We all know Tony," said the Doctor. "Just what do you write, Mr. Hackenfelt? Checks or—bank notes? I don't mean to be curious, but it would make a difference in finding a place for you."

"I write stories."

"Stories?"

"True-love stuff. Mostly for Daffy Affidavits."

There was a short silence. "Well, we all have to make a living," said the Doctor indulgently. "Wagstar here's a prohibition agent. I didn't know they could arrest you for writing that stuff. How long were you in for?"

"From now on," Hackenfelt said bitterly. "I owe six thousand dollars on a court order for nonsupport of my first two wives. How can I make it when I'm in a cell? A man writing the kind of stories I write needs experiences."

"Naturally."

"Even if I could make it, I wouldn't," Hackenfelt went on violently. "Why should I support those babies? They're both in a big musical show right now."

The Doctor soothed him. “ It's all very unfortunate,” he agreed. “ We'll see what we can do for you.”

“ I want to go straight,” said the author morosely. “ Start all over again.”

“ Too bad you'll miss the game tomorrow,” the Doctor interrupted. “ How does the team look? ”

“ It looks all right,” Hackenfelt announced, “ but I wouldn't bet on it. They tell me the police have the best club they've had in years.”

“ That's right,” Wagstar agreed. “I saw them trim Unit Number Eight, and Unit Number Eight beat Leavenworth by four touchdowns. That's how good they are.”

“ Bah! ” said the Doctor, signaling a waiter. “ Comparative scores mean nothing. They always think Yarrowdale is going to be beaten, and then the old spirit pulls us through. I hear we have a fullback on the team that ought to run rings around anybody the police can put on the field. What about it, Hackenfelt? What about this fellow Willoughby? ”

Hackenfelt moistened his lips. “ Willoughby? ” he repeated.

“ Yes. Wilton Willoughby, isn't it? ” The Doctor looked at him suspiciously. “ Don't you know him? ”

“ I know him,” said Hackenfelt dully. “ He isn't going to play.”

“ What are you talking about? ” the old alumnus demanded. “ Not going to play? That's nonsense! ”

Hackenfelt shrugged his shoulders. “ Doctor,” said Wagstar, “ I suggest you get the warden on the phone. The alumni have something to say about this, I guess.”

THE waiter stood at McFoley's elbow. “ We'll see about this,” said the Doctor. “ I've got ten thousand dollars bet on this game, and I don't propose to lose it on a technicality. Wilton Willoughby will play or my name isn't McFoley. The man's a marvel! He played four years for the Haskell Indians, three years for Harvard, and three years for West Point.” The Doctor turned to the waiter and snapped: “ Get Warden Doppel on the phone.”

“ O. K.”

“ Wait a minute,” Hackenfelt pleaded. “ Don't do that, Doctor. You'll only get Willoughby in trouble. I'm telling you straight. Don't do it.”

“ Bah, what trouble? What did he do? Break training? ”

The stranger stared at the group around the table. “ He isn't there any more,” he said at last.

Wagstar burst out laughing. “ Now that's ridiculous.” From a pocket he produced a newspaper and unfolded it.

“ Here's a column on the final practice this afternoon. It says Willoughby ran through the scrubs for ten touchdowns. And here's his picture.”

He held the sheet up.

“ Wait a minute—wait a minute,” said the Doctor. “ Let's see that.” He took the paper and examined it carefully. Then he looked at Hackenfelt and his eyes narrowed to iridium points. “ Hackenfelt hell! ” he exploded. “ You're Willoughby! ”

Hackenfelt made as if to deny it, but the four men stared him down. “ What if I am? ” he asked sullenly.

“ What if you are! ” Wagstar retorted. “ Do you think you can let us down like this? You can't leave the old place in the lurch, Willoughby.”

“ Why not? ” Willoughby snarled.

“ Don't take that attitude, boy,” said McFoley. He laughed and put his hand on Willoughby's arm. “ We don't think you're really going to do it. I understand, boy. You're a little overtrained. You needed this time out.” He looked around the table. “ I guess we've all broken training some time or other. But it's getting on towards eleven o'clock. I think you'd better be getting back. What about the last check-up? If I remember my rules correctly, they're liable to declare you ineligible if you're not in for that.”

“ I'm not worried about the last check-up,” said Willoughby. “ I've got my uniform rolled up in a dummy under my blankets. They won't miss me till tomorrow morning. But I'm not going back. Why should I? ”

“ Yarrowdale—”

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
Wouldn't let her nose shine
But lets her gums get flabby
. . . . . . and she has
"Pink tooth brush"!

LET her powder her nose ten times a day —if she wants to! But it might be well for her to remember that every time she laughs or talks, men look at her teeth, too! *Everybody* looks at them!

And everybody looks at *yours!*

Today's foods are soft. They fail to give your gums any stimulation. That's why your gums are tender. That's why you find "pink" on your tooth brush.

Know about "pink tooth brush"? It not only may dull the teeth, but may lead to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, even to pyorrhea. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. Then—each time —put a little *more* Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and rub it right into your gums.

Ipana contains a toning agent called ziratol. This, with the massage, stimulates circulation and firms the gum walls. Within a few days, your teeth will look whiter and brighter. Within a month, your gums will be firmer. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush." And you'll never be afraid to smile!

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-102, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a two-cent stamp

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Athlete's Foot, also called Toe Itch, Trench Foot, etc., is really a Ringworm infection caused by a parasite which eats down to the deeper skin layers of the feet, hands or body. Any treatment to be effective must be powerful enough to penetrate to those deeper layers and kill the parasite. This explains why surface-acting salves and lotions often fail to get results.

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UNION PACIFIC OVERLAND ROUTE

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Union Pacific System, Room 305
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Please send me information about fares to the Pacific Coast from..............
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UNION PACIFIC

"To hell with Yarrowdale! What did Yarrowdale ever do for me?" He looked at the others and realized that he had gone too far. "I mean, a man has a right to live his own life, if he can. Put yourself in my place. What do I get out of it?"

"Listen," said Wagstar. "You don't seem to realize that it's a privilege to play for the old place. I'd give my right leg to be in there tomorrow. In my time nobody asked what they got out of it for playing football. If you got a broken arm you thought you were well paid."

"I'm not going back," Willoughby repeated stubbornly. "I'm sick of football."

"I can scarcely believe you're in earnest," said Doctor McFoley seriously. "Is this the modern spirit? What's become of the fine old Yarrowdale tradition? You'll go back there, boy, and you'll play tomorrow." He stared at Willoughby coldly. "Or else," he added.

"Or else what?" Willoughby threw back his head. The hard faces around the table answered him. "All right. Put me on the spot. What do I care?"

McFoley changed his attack. "We don't want anything like that," he protested. "But what difference will one day make to you? You can always leave as soon as the game is over."

"I wouldn't take a chance. How do I know they won't get wise?"

The Doctor considered. "Forget the tunnel," he said at last. "I'm just enough of an old Yarrovian to make you a proposition. Go in there and play tomorrow and you can tear up the court order."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that six thousand dollars will be paid your wives and you can walk out."

Willoughby shook his head. "No."

"Why not?"

"I don't want to pay the six thousand dollars. Why should I pay six grand to a couple of tramps like Irene and Lily? You don't seem to get the point. I stand on my rights. I've got principles, and the first one is that those girls get nothing out of me, now or hereafter. I'm a lone wolf. It's my hand against society. The organized injustice which has taken its toll of my life's blood shall never—"

"NEVER mind the rest of that," the Doctor snapped. "You refuse the six thousand dollars. You won't play for fun, you won't play for loyalty to the old place, and you won't play for money.

"Here's another angle. You claim you're a lone wolf. All right. Where's your fighting blood? Who put you in your present condition? The police, wasn't it? Well, here's your chance to get out there on that field and avenge yourself."

Willoughby shook his head. "I've got nothing against the police. They only did their duty. It was those divorce lawyers ruined me."

"I give up," said the Doctor. "You better organize a tiddledywinks team. Maybe it's just as well you're not going to play."

Willoughby stood up. "Well, that's that," he said. "I'll say good-by. I guess there's no use hanging around."

"Sit down," said the Doctor. "Quick! There's a couple of cops coming in the door."

Willoughby dropped into his chair again and put his head into his hands. The policemen excited no attention from the Yarrowdale alumni at the other tables. The head bartender nodded to them and set out the regular bottle and two glasses. "Just a couple of harness bulls coming in off the beat," Wagstar conjectured. Looking at them he became thoughtful and, leaning over, spoke in McFoley's ear.

The Doctor listened, nodded, and Wagstar got up and went over to the bar. "I'm going to see if I can get a bet down on the game," he announced.

Willoughby watched him closely. "What's he going to do?" he demanded. "Turn me in?"

"Tut, tut!" said the Doctor. "Don't say that, even as a joke."

AFTER a brief interval Wagstar came back and sat down again at the table. "I got some dope on the game," he remarked. "They're going to play a couple of ringers. One of the cops was tight and let it slip."

"Who are they?" the Doctor asked.

"One's Tillinghast, from Poughkeepsie Aggie," Wagstar answered.

Willoughby snorted. "I know him. He's not so hot. We played together in the South. Who's the other?"

"I don't know his name," Wagstar went on, looking at Willoughby. "He graduated three or four years ago from Columbia. He's a—" The sentence ended in a whisper as he leaned across the table and spoke softly in Willoughby's ear.

"What's that?" the Doctor asked. "Let us all in on it."

Wagstar repeated for their benefit.

Willoughby clenched his hands once and slowly relaxed them. "You sure?" he asked.

"Absolutely."

"All right—I'll play!" He got up and buttoned his overcoat. "And you'd better be out to see the game, because it's going to be good."

"That's the stuff," said McFoley. "That's the spirit! Shake hands."

Willoughby shook hands all around the table and made ready to leave. Then he paused and sat down again. "I can't do it," he muttered. "I forgot. Lily and Irene are coming."

"We'll take care of Lily and Irene," said Wagstar generously. "Won't we, McFoley? We'll guarantee they don't get a chance to bother you. How's that?"

"All right; I'll do it." Again Willoughby got up. His right hand went mechanically to his cap and for a moment he was bareheaded. One of the policemen at the bar put down his glass and stared. Willoughby's head, with its prison haircut, stood out in the room like a hard-boiled egg in a basket of prunes.

"Put your cap on, quick, and get out!" McFoley snapped.

Willoughby saw the policemen at the bar abandon their drinks and start toward him. He jammed his cap over his ears and leaped for the door.

The old football stars made as much interference for him as they could. Thus it happened that Willoughby arrived in the street with ten seconds' start on his pursuers.

No one could give him ten seconds' start and hope to catch him, least of all two rather stout family men weighed down with heavy blue uniforms, night sticks, German-silver badges, and two slugs of whisky apiece.

He was alone when he reached the beet field outside the prison; it was no more difficult to get back to his cell than it had been to leave.

Ten minutes later he had hidden his civilian clothes under his mattress and was dropping off to sleep. "Boy!" he murmured to himself. "Wait till I hit that guy tomorrow."

. . . . .

With only three minutes remaining of the second half, the score stood at 0-0.

Willoughby, running interference, cut down the police right half and managed to fall with his knee grinding into the halfback's face. He heard the referee's whistle, and as he got up contrived to slug his opponent behind the ear.

"Hey!" said the other feebly. "What's the idea?" He lay on his back, wheezing.

"Just building a little character for you, big boy," Willoughby retorted. He stooped solicitously and aided the halfback to get up. "Nice work," he said as the captain of the police team came over. He slapped his opponent on the back and trotted away to his own side of the line. Behind him he could hear the halfback complaining:

"Take me out, will you?"

"Listen," the captain said. "You're getting a hundred bucks for this. Let's see you show something."

WILLOUGHBY felt good. Even the reproaches of his own captain fell flat. "Look here," Willoughby heard him say. "Are you having a private fight with that halfback or are you running interference? If you'd taken the other guy out I'd have had a clear field."

Willoughby did not answer. He stooped in his position, his eyes fixed on the police right half. Remember not to hit him too hard. They might have to take him out.

Just before the ball was snapped, Willoughby straightened up. On the other side of the line, the right half had collapsed. A stretcher came from the side lines and bore him to the dressing room.

"Wait a minute!" Willoughby walked over to the quarterback and spoke in a low tone. On the next play he ran thirty-five yards for a touchdown.

Through the excited crowd in the dressing room Willoughby saw the warden pushing his way toward where he sat unlacing his shoes.

"Great stuff!" said the warden. "Shake hands. Say, come on over to the visitors' dressing room for a minute."

"What for?"

"Their right half wants to talk to you. He's just regained consciousness."

"I don't want to talk to him."

"Come on." The warden urged him toward the door and Willoughby followed unwillingly. He had only one thing on his mind—to get back to his cell as fast as he could.

IN the visitors' dressing room the invalid looked up from the rubbing table.

"I haven't got any hard feelings," he said, "but I've played football a lot and I'd just like to ask you. What have you got against me?"

"Plenty."

"I never saw you before."

"No. But anybody that's in your racket deserves all that he gets."

"What do you mean? What's the matter with professional football?"

"I'm not talking about that." Willoughby breathed through his nose. "That's O. K. But no divorce lawyer gets an even break from me."

"Divorce lawyer? I'm no divorce lawyer! I'm a steam fitter in town here. Ask anybody."

"You'd better get back to your dressing room," the warden suggested soothingly. "Does your head hurt?"

Willoughby pulled his arm away. So that was it! McFoley and Wagstar had tricked him into coming back.

His eyes narrowed as he calculated. In ten minutes he could be back in his cell. In another fifteen he might catch up with the alumni.

Five minutes after that— He rubbed his hands and smiled a murderous smile.

As they went out the door the warden put his hand on his shoulder. "You're having dinner with me tonight," he said. "Tomorrow you can leave. We're letting you go."

Willoughby stopped. "What about the court order?"

"McFoley paid it."

"Listen, warden," Willoughby said earnestly. "Let me go tonight, will you? I want to see McFoley. I want to tell him just what I think."

The warden smiled. "You won't be able to see McFoley anyhow. He and Wagstar left right after the game. They were going to Greenwich."

"I could see them there."

"Well, the fact is," said the warden, "they might not want to see you. They took Lily and Irene with them. They're going to get married."

Willoughby relaxed.

When men accomplish their own destruction, the efforts of outsiders are unnecessary.

THE END

THE ANSWER TO THE DENTAL CREAM QUESTION:

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 27

1—To designate days, the hours of which, as by some railroads, are numbered from one to twenty-four.

2—Graphite, the mineral part of a pencil, is popularly called black lead.

3—Six.

4—No, but that probably both are descendants of some remote common ancestor.

5—Corsica, his birthplace; Malta, which he received from the Knights of St. John, Elba and St. Helena to which he was exiled; and Martinique, birthplace of Josephine, his first wife.

6—One group has two pairs of lungs and the other group one pair.

7—Jean Francois Marie Arouet.

8—A water carrier (India).

9—The great toe.

10—The Barataria Bay pirates under Jean Lafitte.

11—Lord Byron.

12—The former sought to reform the Church of England; the latter were separatists from the beginning.

13—Washington Irving.

14—In German folklore a kind of domestic spirit, protective but often mischievous.

15—Judas Iscariot.

16—Henry Clay.

17—2 Kings xix and Isaiah xxxvii.

18—The sinew connecting the heel and the calf.

19—The Khedive of Egypt in 1877.

20—A marginal note; an annotation.

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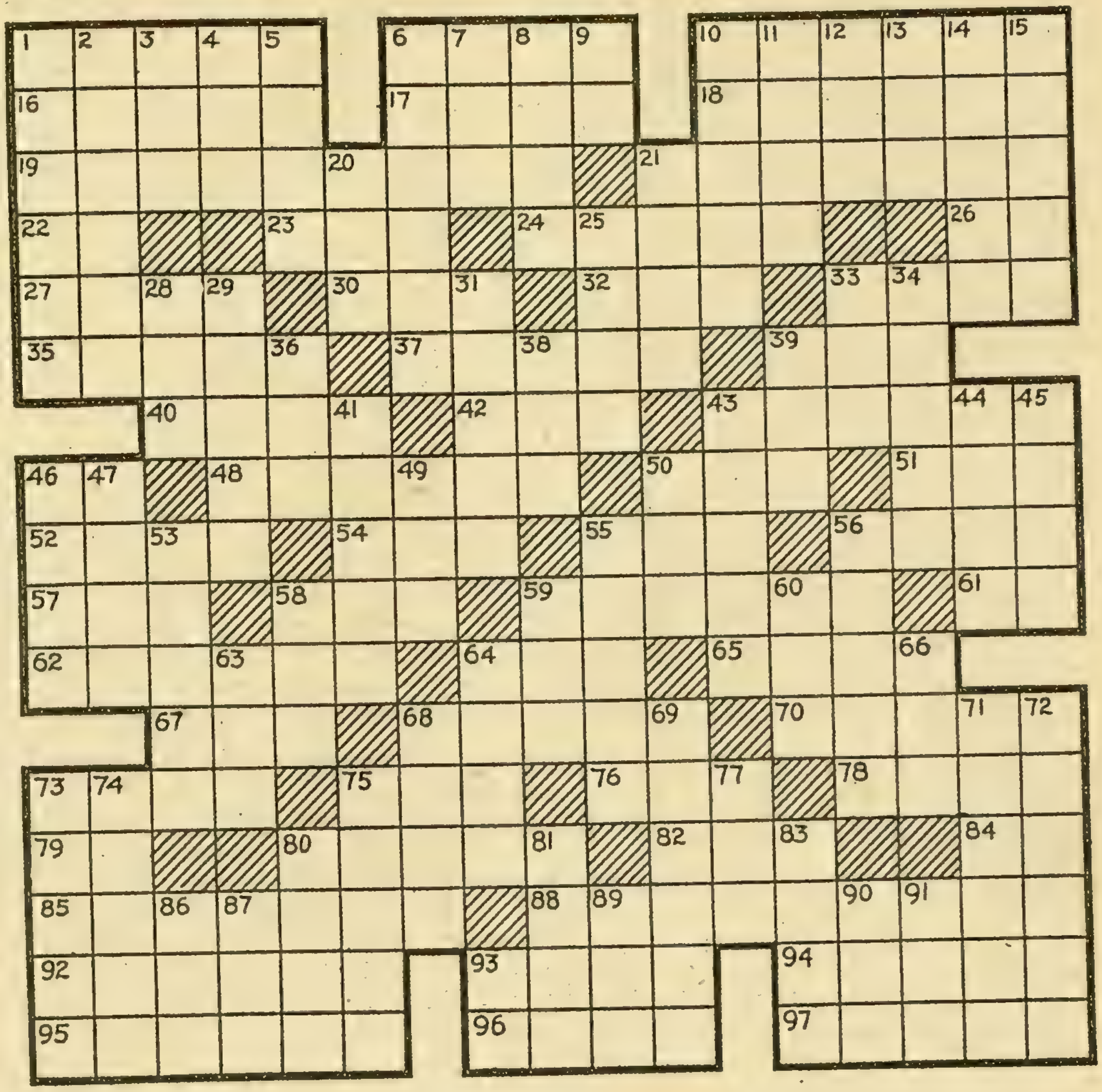
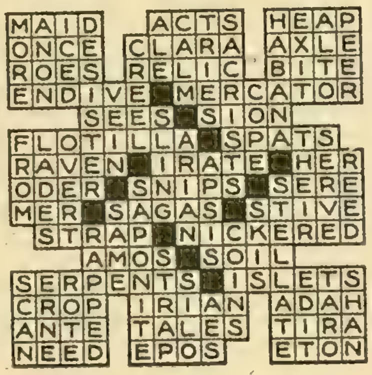
Cross Words

A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Conceited precisians
6 A golf term
10 A beetle
16 Of the kidneys
17 A man's name
18 A sea painting
19 Friend of a lion
21 Serious addresses
22 By
23 Appropriate
24 Fathers
26 Note in Guido's scale
27 A vertical pole
30 Through
32 Scar
33 Friends
35 More cunning
37 Space between steps
39 Furred animals
40 Container
42 Conveyance
43 Outspoken
46 Pronoun
48 Forbore use of
50 Perched
51 Old English coin
52 Part of a church
54 A fruit
55 Belonging to him
56 Spoken
57 Bind
58 Part of a drama
59 Counselor
61 Compass point
62 Rasp
64 Begin to grow
65 Mistakes
67 Sooner than
68 Move something inert
70 Headdress
73 A pair, a brace
75 Form of to be
76 Measure of length
78 Unimportant quarrel



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E	N	D	I	V	E	■	M	E	R	C	A	T	O	R
			S	E	E	S	■	S	I	O	N			
F	L	O	T	I	L	L	A	■	S	P	A	T	S	
R	A	V	E	N	■	I	R	A	T	E	■	H	E	R
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	S	T	R	A	P	■	N	I	C	K	E	R	E	D
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N	E	E	D		E	P	O	S			E	T	O	N

Answer to last week's puzzle

79 While
80 A Negroid
82 Islet
84 Pronoun
85 Softly bright
88 Superintend
92 Woman's name
93 Snares
94 Assistants
95 Animals
96 American Indian
97 Leavening agent

VERTICAL

1 Dutch boats
2 A form of lease
3 India (poetic)
4 A fish
5 To spill
6 To hesitate
7 Poem
8 File
9 Printer's measure
10 Daub
11 Conveyances
12 Limb
13 River (Spanish)
14 To void
15 Defeats
20 Head covering
21 To box
25 Word of ratification
28 To taste
29 Annoy
31 Fastening device
33 Word play
34 Enthusiasm
36 Tear
38 Dejected
39 Obese
41 Surgeon's instrument
43 Class of society
44 Persia
45 Vale
46 Layers of bark
47 Heroic poem
49 A furrow
50 Iniquity
53 Withers
55 Thicket of bushes
56 Fragrant plant root
58 Monkey
59 Mire
60 Scrap of refuse
63 Form of to be
64 Bosom
66 Undermine
68 Practice Bantingism
69 To pass away, as time
71 Lifts
72 Bear witness
73 Man's name
74 For sale
75 Decreases
77 Recline
80 To the fullest extent
81 Employer
83 A salver
86 Extinct bird
87 Encore
89 A Shoshonean Indian
90 Contend against
91 Woman's name
93 A state (initials)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

A Few Notes on Fires

By

DR. SEUSS

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THE FIREMAN AS A DIPLOMAT

"WE Washington, D. C., firemen sure have our problems," says Tim O'Leary. "Only recently at an Embassy fire, I found the Dalmatian and Patagonian ambassadors, their beards snarled together from arguing. Just *whose* whiskers to cut was the problem! Rather than get the U. S. in a Diplomatic Jam, I simply stood by till they singed apart."

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A NOTE ON FIRE INSURANCE

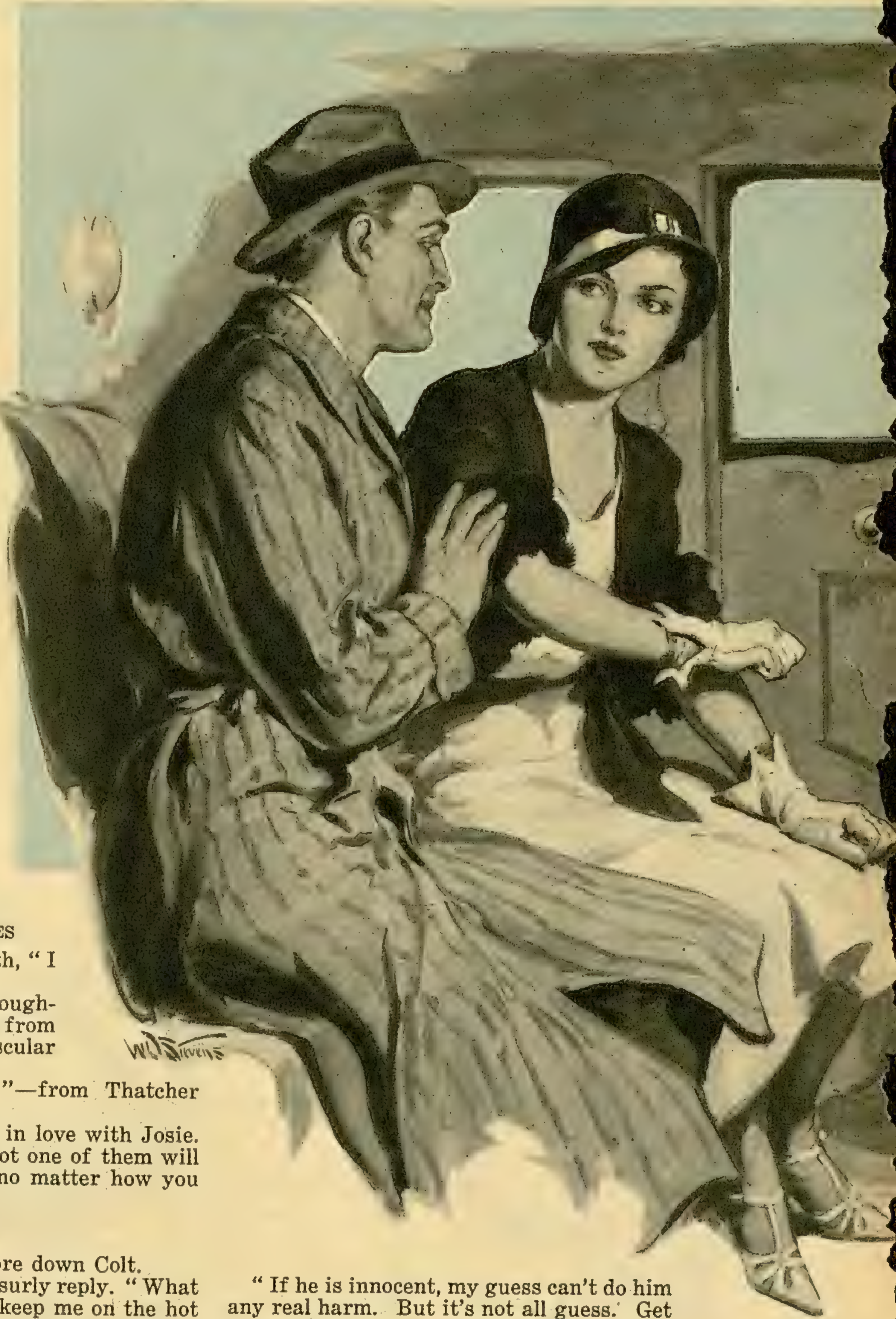
"WHY dey insura da hurdy-gurdy," gurdiests used to complain, "if dey will no insura da monk?" When fire broke out in a gurdy, the owner fled, leaving his fettered monk to a smoldering fate. Today there is no risk! Equip your monk with fire-escape scissors.

A NOTE ON FIRE NETS

OF all the tragedies in the history of fire, the saddest is that of the Brothers Guxx. Way back in the Stone Age, these geniuses invented the fire net. But with their net built only to accommodate humans, their very first customer was an apartment-house cat.

About the Murder *of the*

John Smith Tells His Suspicions—Witchcraft Again!—Men Who Fought Like Beasts—The Puzzle of the Sealed Apartment—Returning to a Wrecked Home



(Reading time: 33 minutes.)

THIS is the story of Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt's endeavors to solve an amazing mystery, as told by Colt's secretary.

At the New York opening of Colonel Tod Robinson's circus, Josie La Tour, world-famous star, fell from the rings and was killed. Colt believed this to be no accident, but murder. Flandrin, Josie's acrobat husband, was grief-stricken. Above Josie's door was discovered a mud image pierced by a needle. Keblia, the Ubangi witch doctor, could not be found.

John Smith, Josie's chauffeur, had, he said, his suspicions. District Attorney Dougherty demanded to know whom he suspected.

PART FIVE—STRANGE DISCOVERIES

"WELL, hell," said John Smith, "I mean Flandreau."

"Flandreau?" gasped Dougherty, as I felt a pang of pride. Almost from the beginning I had suspected the muscular catcher.

"You mean Flandrin's partner?"—from Thatcher Colt.

"Yes—exactly. Flandreau is still in love with Josie. The whole circus knows that. But not one of them will tell you. It's a shut-mouthed mob, no matter how you take them."

"But Flandreau is married!"

"Sure—I know that!"

"And why are you telling us?" bore down Colt.

"Didn't you ask me?" was Smith's surly reply. "What are you standing there for, if not to keep me on the hot spot? You're the police. All right—I'm scared, then, the way I ought to be. You want to know what I think—well, I told you, that's all."

Colt threw away his cigarette.

"You believe Flandreau did it," he recited. "You think the motive was jealousy. But how do you believe the murder was committed?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you think it is a rather high-handed proceeding, just guessing that a man is a murderer—solely because you think he had a motive?"

John Smith shrugged.

"If he is innocent, my guess can't do him any real harm. But it's not all guess. Get that straight. I saw something!"

"What?"

"I saw Flandreau come out of the performers' entrance, there, just a few minutes after La Tour fell. I saw him cross the street, carrying a long bundle under his arm, and when he came back he did not have the bundle."

Colt squinted up the darkened street.

"The performers' entrance is a long way off. How could you be sure it was Flandreau you saw?"

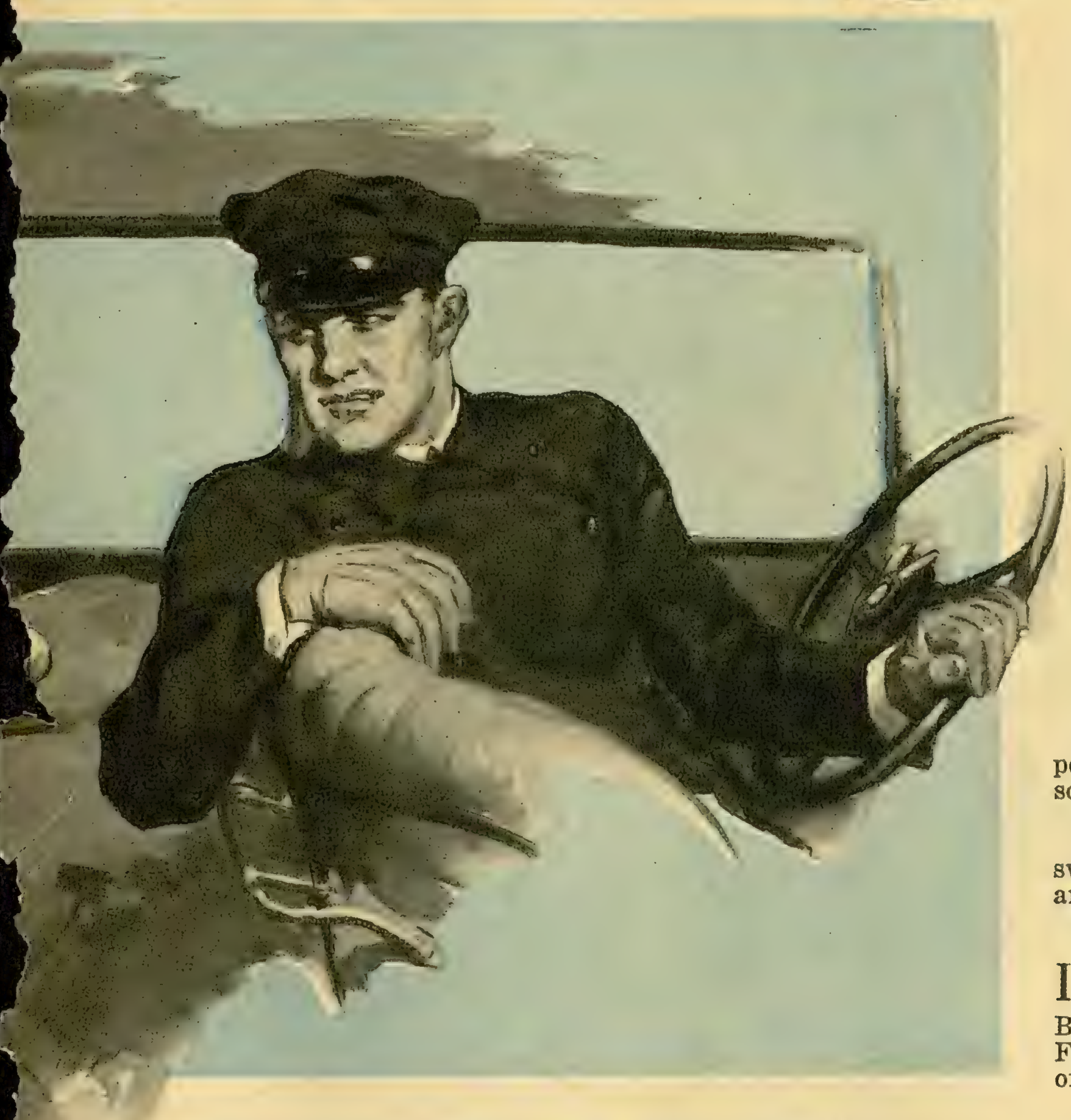
"By his overcoat. A typical acrobat's overcoat with broad stripes. I couldn't be mistaken."

CIRCUS QUEEN

By

ANTHONY ABBOT

Pictures by
W. D. STEVENS



"FLANDREAU tried to make love to her, if they were alone in the car together, every so often. And sometimes I had to interfere."

"Did you ever have any trouble with Flandreau?" asked Colt quietly.

"Not very often," answered John Smith with a nonchalant air. "You see, Flandreau tried to make love to her, if they were alone in the car together, every so often. And sometimes I had to interfere. But Josie wouldn't let me tell Flandrin—you see how it was?"

"So Flandrin never knew?"

"Not from me; and I don't think from Josie—Miss La Tour!"

"I see."

"And there's another thing," the garrulous John Smith chatted on. "Flandreau has had too much to whisper about with Eddie Stevens lately!"

EDDIE STEVENS again! The little mechanic who was in the ring when La Tour fell—the man she had trusted and who had been looking the other way—

Colt had taken a step to his right. From this new point of vantage he got a clear view of the chauffeur's profile.

It was a defeated face, hopeless and not a little bitter, as if only a few years ago this brazen-throated man had had his ambitions. Colt spoke to him with quiet decisiveness.

"You are not to repeat this story to anyone," the Commissioner cautioned him. "If it leads to anything I shall talk with you again."

"Well, hell!" cried the loud-voiced John Smith. "Mum's the word so far as I'm concerned."

As we made our way toward our own car, Dougherty touched Colt's sleeve.

"Aren't we going back to question Flandreau about that bundle?" he wished to know.

Colt shook his head.

"We know that Flandreau has a perfect alibi!"

"But—"

"But the real question is—who impersonated Flandreau by putting on his so easily distinguished coat?"

"Exactly! And—"

"And that question will never be answered until certain other basic facts are in our hands!"

Dougherty desisted with a sigh.

IN Colt's car, the three of us hurried off, then, toward Seventy-ninth Street. But not before Colt had sent me back to Flynn with instructions to get the past of La Tour's chauffeur complete.

Swiftly our car reached Columbus Circle, and now, skirting the fluted shaft with its three stone ships and admiral, we turned into Central Park West and headed northward.

Only a minute later the machine halted before that house in Seventy-ninth Street in which La Tour and Flandrin had their apartment.

The house was of the lingering school of brownstone, with tall front steps and wide ornamental stone balusters.

It was one of a long block of such buildings, ranged, joist to beam, from the edge of Central Park to the steel pillars of the Sixth Avenue elevated—a jumble of tenements, rooming houses, and two second-rate speakeasies.

The house before which we stopped was rented out in small housekeeping apartments, furnished and let by the week. But the second floor was reserved entirely for the two circus performers. They had furnished it with their own treasures and regarded it as their home.

Here they came from the tumult of the circus crowds to be alone to themselves.

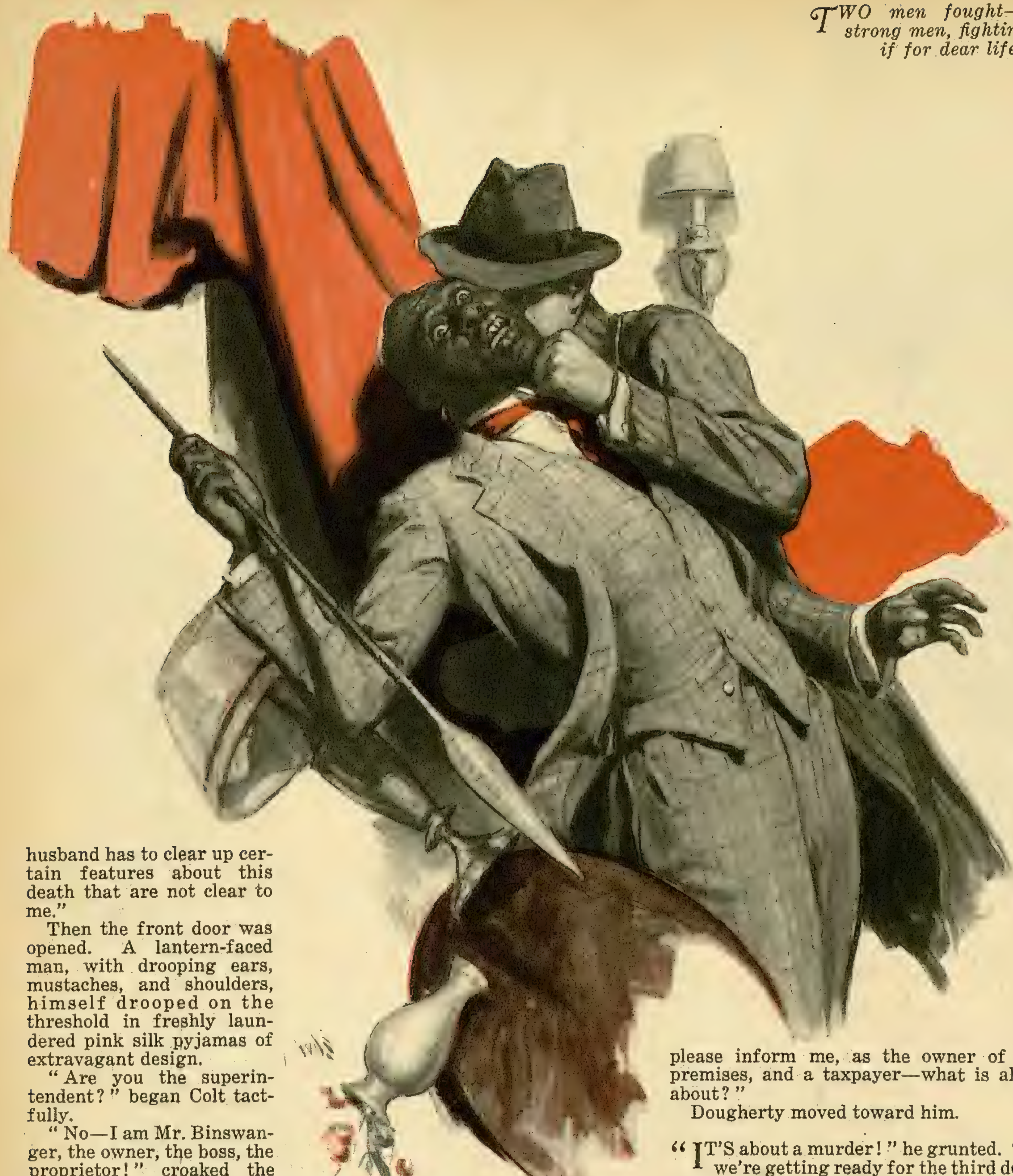
It was eleven fifteen o'clock by my watch as we left the car and hurried through the rain, across the sidewalk, up the steps, and into the dimmish light of the vestibule. Colt pressed the bell.

"I didn't see any light. I certainly hope that Flandrin is waiting for us," muttered Dougherty. "I am just waiting for my chance to talk with him."

Colt again rang the bell.

"You have your doubts about Flandrin?"

"I never prejudge a case, Thatcher," remonstrated Dougherty severely. "All I say is that the dead woman's



TWO men fought—two strong men, fighting as if for dear life.

husband has to clear up certain features about this death that are not clear to me."

Then the front door was opened. A lantern-faced man, with drooping ears, mustaches, and shoulders, himself drooped on the threshold in freshly laundered pink silk pyjamas of extravagant design.

"Are you the superintendent?" began Colt tactfully.

"No—I am Mr. Binswanger, the owner, the boss, the proprietor!" croaked the janitor in a sleepy voice. "What is it you're looking for?"

"We are the police. We were to meet your tenant, Flandrin. Here is our identification. Give us your pass-key!"

Wonderingly the little walrus-mustached man complied. Shambling before us in his beauteous dawn-tinted sleeping suit, Mr. Binswanger led the way up a flight of stairs carpeted in green velvet and girded with a heavy oaken balustrade.

We were in a New York home of elegance of the early years of this century, now come down in the world and turned into apartments for acrobats.

In the hallway of the second floor Mr. Binswanger paused in a wilting posture of suspicion and a greedy desire for gossip.

"They live here!" he announced. "Now, won't you please inform me, as the owner of these premises, and a taxpayer—what is all this about?"

Dougherty moved toward him.

"IT'S about a murder!" he grunted. "And we're getting ready for the third degree. We're going to talk to you later. Now get downstairs before you catch a cold."

Like a flying pink rocket, Mr. Binswanger descended the staircase three steps at a time and was lost in the cavernous descent from the lower floor.

Meanwhile Thatcher Colt had been staring around him. He pointed to the horizontal top piece of the largest of the four doorways opening from the La Tour flat into this long corridor. From this lintel above the main entrance to the rooms there hung an object dangling on a piece of string. One glance told us what it was—another image of Josie La Tour, malformed in mud, badly made, and yet with a certain crude likeness to the subject. Voodoo! Magic! Witchcraft dangling above the threshold across which the lovely Josie would never walk again.

The light in the hallway came from a tiny electric bulb at the other end.

We saw each other through a diminished light, and to me the faces of the Police Commissioner and the District Attorney looked paler, more worried, more apprehensive.

What could this second jungle witch doll portend?

It was Colt who reached above the doorway and snatched down the mud image.

Across his left palm he laid it and for a full minute he studied it intently.

Then, wrapped in a handkerchief, the image was passed to me. The original is with the other relics of the case at the crime museum.

“I think,” remarked Thatcher Colt, “that the time is rapidly coming when we shall need some scientific authority to help us with this jungle magic.”

Saying which, he seemed to dismiss the subject as he knocked briskly on the door.

There was no immediate answer, and we waited in silence. Finally Colt knocked again. He tried the key, but the door would not yield.

It was bolted from the inside!

But there were more doors.

The same thought came at once to us all. Right and left there were entrances to the La Tour apartment. As District Attorney Dougherty lumbered toward the one door on our left, Colt and I rushed toward the two doors on our right.

BUT we were too late! As if some creature within had the arms of a spider, we found three bolts jammed into place, and yet not a sound. Was there someone hiding behind all three bolted doors? If so, why did he not answer to Colt's knock?

“Who's in there?” called Thatcher Colt. “We are the police. Open this door or we will break it down!”

There was still no answer.

“Lend a shoulder, Dougherty!” cried Thatcher Colt.

The three of us hurled ourselves against the heavy door, but it resisted our united efforts. Finally Thatcher Colt borrowed my revolver—in all his days as Commissioner he did not carry a weapon of his own—and set its muzzle on a sharp angle against the edge, five inches from the knob.

“I calculate,” he said, “the bolt is about here.”

He fired, filling the narrow hallway with reverberating echoes and the acrid smell of powder. On the floors above us we heard the opening of doors, startled voices, and women calling shrilly to their men. But to these we gave no heed.

Thatcher Colt had guessed well: with one shot he had broken the woodwork and dislodged the bolt. The doorway to La Tour's apartment was open.

The rooms inside were utterly dark and silent. Warily Colt stepped inside, returning my revolver as he entered. I held it, with the trigger off guard, as I followed the Commissioner.

Dougherty came last, his hands groping along the walls for a light switch.

And presently he found it; the bracket lamps in the corridor were turned on, and room by room we traversed the apartment and turned on all the lights.

Not a living thing was visible except ourselves. The apartment was empty!

THE new problem confronting us was like the mystification of some conjurer's trick. Where now was the person who had bolted those doors? If he was not in the apartment, how had he got out?

He was no fantasy. Tangible evidence of his presence here confronted our eyes on every side.

Not only he but someone else had been here; for from one end of the apartment to the other the rooms showed the remains of a violent and disorderly struggle.

Two men had fought—two strong men, fighting as if for dear life. The signs of the battle showed plainly that the encounter must have been of terrific ferocity, as if not men but jungle beasts had quarreled here. Through neat rooms, now upturned in a sinister tableau of arrested wrath, we walked as men walk among the ruins of a natural disaster.

From kitchen to dining room, living and bed rooms, we followed Thatcher Colt, discovering with him the débris of Josie La Tour's treasures.

From the walls had fallen scores of autographed pictures of clowns and equestrians and acrobats—stars of the circus who had given Josie La Tour their signed pictures, now strewn on the floor, their wooden frames broken and their glass mashed to splinters.

What deadly enemies had here come to blows? Where was Flandrin? Where was that mysterious other one?

The question ran like a threnody through my brain as I mechanically made my notes: the theatrical make-up box spilled in the hall; the dining room with its broken glass covering the ornamental centerpiece of the table; the short, sharp spear like a javelin, torn from a place on the wall where it had hung suspended by a cord of red velvet; and all the overturned frippery of the boudoir—upset vanity mirror, crushed *papeterie*, and broken floor lamps.

Here, by the splintered telephone table, we paused and looked at each other. And in each man's eyes was the bewilderment of a dark riddle.

“It seems impossible,” said Thatcher Colt at last. “There is no such thing as magic—not even Ubangi magic, witch doctors and all. Yet here is the puzzle of a sealed apartment! There is apparently only one way to get in or out of these rooms—through the doors, where we were watching, where we know no one escaped. We must find how that trick was done.”

With quick steps Colt led the way back to the kitchen—a thoroughly

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modern, electrified kitchen in this old-fashioned house of the period of President McKinley.

Realizing the enigma we were called upon to solve, I looked around me carefully. We were on the second floor. The kitchen had two windows overlooking a back yard with a tree in the center.

At first glance these windows seemed natural means of escape. But a nearer examination increased Colt's perplexity. There was a sheer drop of thirty feet to the pavement of the yard.

"From here," the Commissioner pointed out, "we are almost as far from the ground as was Josie La Tour when she fell. And there is, as you see, no sign of a rope to go up or down—and literally no toe hold in that sheer wall above or below us."

"It couldn't have been at this side of the house he got away," rumbled Dougherty. "The thing would be impossible—"

"Unless," interposed Thatcher Colt, "we look at it another way. A strong, powerful man with the skill and daring of a cat—"

"I don't see how!" puffed Dougherty, with a shake of his head, as he peered out of the window at the rainy night.

"The tree!" pointed out Thatcher Colt, spraying the drooping branches with the light from his 300-foot-radius pocket torch. "Notice that middle branch. If a man were a practiced athlete—let us say a circus performer—he could, conceivably, swing out from here on a plunge, grasp the tree branch as an acrobat might seize a trapeze bar, and get safely to the ground!"

"By God, Thatcher, I think you're right!" cried Dougherty.

"And further," Colt pointed out, "the same agile person could, by swinging on the tree branch, get into this room as well as out of it!"

"Right again!" agreed Dougherty excitedly.

"And in such monkeylike jungle practices as swinging from tree branches," Colt went on, a tighter note in his voice, "the intruder must have left some traces of his coming and going. That is what we must look for now!"

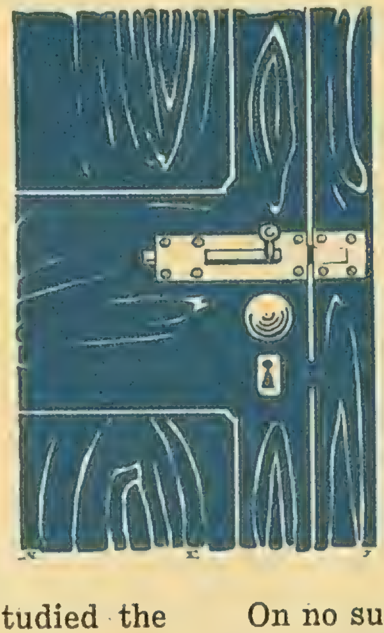
He had bent over the window sill, training on the painted woodwork the rays of his powerful pocket lamp.

"As I had hoped," Colt resumed, "there are signs—left there by two separate persons and at two different times."

"I notice nothing of the kind," lamented Dougherty with heavy dignity. "And I don't believe in numerology, astrology—"

"Here!" interrupted Thatcher Colt. "And here! This wordwork is alive and crawling with information. For instance, Dougherty, this rounded impression left in the dust—"

"Milk bottle, probably!"



"NOT at all—that mark was made by the knee of a man. The weave of his suit is plainly shown in the dust. Now, what is beside it, and overlapping it just a little, but the print of a human foot!"

"Where?"

Huskily the District Attorney breathed that question as he squatted slightly and studied the markings Colt had found.

"It isn't a shoe," he complained—"and it isn't a naked foot! What on earth is it, Thatcher?"

"A mark made by a man in his stockinged feet! And if anthropometrical records mean anything, it is probably certain that the knee mark and the foot mark were made by the same person. At least, the correspondence in size would indicate that.

"But the kneecap, with the contour of the continuing impression of the shank behind it, shows clearly that it was made on the way in—while the toes of the stockinged foot point outward; so one of our visitors went out the way he came in."

Dougherty grinned appreciatively.

"Of course you are right enough. But you said two persons—"

"I referred to other signs here—the most puzzling of all."

"These thumb marks?"

"Notice how simple it is to get the whole picture, Dougherty. The human fly—or let us say the human monkey—who made the knee mark and later the foot mark left no usable thumbprint. Try to imagine what happened. He is, let us suppose, a man thoroughly familiar with this house and its back yard. He wants to get inside these rooms without being observed. Slipping through the alleyway, he scales the fence and gets into this yard.

"Then he removes his shoes; his entrance shall be soundless. He climbs the tree with the ease of a jungle ape. He swings on the tall branches of the tree, back and forth—and then lets go. The open window is like the bar of a trapeze or the hands of a fellow athlete. He catches and holds on.

"Now he pulls himself up—resting one knee on the sill as he does so—and creeps inside. But when he gets into this kitchen he finds that someone has got here ahead of him."

"HOW could you know such a thing?" scoffed Dougherty.

"By using my head. When our monkey man clung to the sill he left the marks of his fingers in the dust under the inner sill. Here they are—showing silk meshes. He wore gloves! Let us call this Intruder Number One. But note again this thumbprint in the dust—not with meshes but with the honest-to-God whorl and loops of human skin. Call him—or her—Intruder Number Two. He too swung from the tree, so he must know the same tricks as the other man. At all events he swung up here from the tree branch, got in, and turned on the light switch.

"Here is his second thumbprint. Clearly, then, two men came in—but we find the signs of only one going out."

"And that means?" I asked involuntarily.

"That he may still be here," supplied Dougherty hoarsely. "We will have to search this place from top to bottom."

"Of course," Colt reminded us, "all this may have no bearing whatever on the death of Josie La Tour. The fact that these mysterious happenings occurred in her apartment may be only a coincidence."

"Very unlikely, Thatcher."

"I agree. You and Tony go ahead with your search. I want to make some telephone calls."

Dougherty blinked suspiciously.

"Who to, Thatcher—or is it a secret?"

Colt smiled as he lifted the receiver of the kitchen telephone extension.

"First—to get a detective who will make us plaster molds of those markings on the window sill. After that—Professor Luckner!" he revealed.

Dougherty rolled his eyes upward as if praying to Allah.

"Luckner!" he crooned. "That old poof-poof!"

On no subject did Thatcher Colt and Merle K. Dougherty disagree more heartily than on Professor Luckner, in whose private laboratory many valuable clues had been found—clues leading to the solution of several major crimes.

Luckner was a retired professor who worked with Thatcher Colt; he had no official connection with the New York Police Department. But Dougherty regarded all such present-day practices as laboratory analyses with a bilious eye. The District Attorney preferred to rely on stool pigeons and the third degree in his own hunt for facts.

"What can old Luckner do in a case like this?" he challenged.

"Very little, perhaps," Colt acquiesced good-naturedly. "Helloa—Professor Luckner? This is Thatcher Colt. Yes. I want you to find me a man, Herr Professor—the one man in New York who can help the police tonight."

"The New York police are again beyond help!" chaffed the professor; his harsh, sputtering voice was audible throughout the kitchen. "What kind of man?"

"One who speaks the dialect of the Ubangi people."

Professor Luckner chortled.

"The Ubangi, *hein?* You could never call up sometimes with an easy question, Herr Commissioner? *Hein,* that is far too much to hope for, of course. So you want a man who can speak the Ubangi dialect? *Gott im Himmel!* Of course you realize the Ubangi speak a combination of two or three Arabic dialects—a combination, my dear Mr. Thatcher Colt, almost unknown to any American. Of course it is true that the president of the Duquesne University can speak several Arabic dialects. But, Colt, my poor friend, there are forty-four such Arabic dialects! There is only one man who may know the dialect the Ubangi use—"

"Who is he—and where is he?" Colt managed to interject.

Again I heard the derisive laughter of that mocking old Teuton.

"His name is Gminder. *G-m-i-n-d-e-r.* Yes, yes, yes—that is the gentleman's name. As to where he is—I think he may be in Africa."

Colt swore softly.

"Or," went on the tantalizing professor, "he may be at a rent party in Harlem tonight. Gminder has a passion for the rent parties of our black citizens."

"I'll send out men," began Thatcher Colt; but Professor Luckner interrupted:

"NEVER mind that, Herr Commissioner. If Gminder is in New York, I can and will find him for you. Where are you now?"

Colt gave the street address and the telephone number. With deep expressions of gratitude to the eccentric Herr Luckner, the Police Commissioner hung up the receiver.

"Thatcher," pleaded Dougherty, "why are you pausing here to go after these duck-billed niggers?"

Colt glanced toward the window again.

"Because," he replied, "if I may again answer you in anthropometrical terms, there are evidences in that thumbprint that it was made by a giant Negro."

"The witch doctor?" muttered Dougherty, with an uneasy pitch of his enormous eyes.

"Let's search this place thoroughly," proposed Thatcher Colt.

The Commissioner had brought us to the living room. Like the rest of the place, this room was a tableau of confusion, the left-over of a fierce struggle whose principals had disappeared. But even in the midst of overturned chairs and tables, littered grand piano and a débris of momentos and trophies of circus life, I could imagine the room as Josie La Tour had fashioned it—a chamber to which

"and
a happy
home too"

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her spirit had imparted a kind of glittering and flamboyant life.

Colt walked directly to a secretary desk, an escritoire, at the far end of the room, and tugged gently at the fall board.

The desk was not locked. A heap of papers tumbled down. But Colt's interest lay first in a corner of the blotter of the desk.

Colt lifted the paper up and read it, then passed it to Dougherty and me.

"I suppose that is La Tour's writing," he remarked. "Apparently it's an article she was writing for a newspaper."

Dougherty had mislaid his glasses, so I read the note aloud:

"Always I laugh at death. I say 'some day'—and shrug my shoulders. We can all do that, whether or not we are acrobats. I stake my life on the grip of my hand each time I go up.

"Often I am so fatigued by my exertions that I feel I must let go and drop. But there below, standing at the performers' entrance and watching me, is my husband. For his sake I must hold on."

As I finished reading these lines, Colt turned back to the papers.

Slowly, methodically, he went through one item after another, letters, bills, all sorts of memoranda, stacking them beside him and murmuring to me to bundle them together and send them to Headquarters for the leisurely study of experts.

From these papers it was clear that Josie and Flandrin had made money out of their professional engagements, although I was astonished to learn what small salaries were paid by the circus.

The couple had invested their savings in real estate and in stocks and bonds; but as business people they were neither orderly nor careful.

In this wooden escritoire, protected by the simplest of locks, were bank books, Liberty Bonds, and title deeds to land.

Colt studied all these documents with hurried care. He hastily checked the deposits and withdrawals in savings-bank books and with a jaundiced eye raced through several mortgages.

Suddenly he looked up at the fascinated Dougherty and declared:

"La Tour was hard up—their financial situation is rather desperate. The stock market ruined them; they have been robbing Peter to pay Paul and his three Swede uncles."

"But now," insinuated Dougherty, "will not Flandrin be able to meet all his obligations by insurance?"

"There is here an insurance policy for one hundred thousand dollars on Josie's life," revealed Colt. "It was carried at an enormous premium, naturally, because of the hazard of her daily work. But with double indemnity, too, so that now Flandrin will get two hundred thousand dollars! And here is something even more to the point."

THE Commissioner pushed back his chair and stared at the pile of jumbled papers in the desk.

"We have here an absolute embarrassment of riches," he groaned. "Notice that these documents, important papers, are thrust loosely into a contraption like this. I am inclined to believe they have been taken from some other receptacle and jammed into this desk with the greatest haste and violence. In the midst of it all lies this!"

He held up a diary bound in red velvet and closed with a brass lock.

Only a moment's work with Colt's skeleton key and the lock fell open.

Colt began to scan the latest entries in La Tour's self-kept record of her life. Page after page the Commissioner turned in disappointed silence.

"Here is the only significant thing I have found in a hasty examination," remarked Colt, and I made notes as he read:

"That devil is after me again. He is afraid of me now—and that makes it different. But never mind—Flandrin will soon be home."

Colt closed the book with a snap.

"That was the last time she ever wrote in that book, Tony. And it gains a great deal in importance when read in connection with the very next item."

From the top of the heap Thatcher Colt lifted an envelope on which was written in printed characters:

DEAR FLAN—THIS CAME TODAY BEFORE YOU LANDED. I SAW IT WAS HER HANDWRITING AND OF COURSE I OPENED IT. READ IT YOURSELF. I CAN EXPLAIN. AS LONG AS THERE IS CONFIDENCE BETWEEN US, NOTHING CAN HARM OUR LOVE!

COLT drew out the folded note, spread it on his palm, and read to us:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND—you will always be that to me, no matter if you are now the great Flandrin, divorced from me and married to another—still my husband, my own, in spite of man, devil, or God. I have something to tell you that may change your cold feelings to me. You believe your Josie is true to you. But she is really making a fool of you.

"I can prove that Josie spent this afternoon with Marburg Lovell on the sly. I'll face her and tell her so. No matter what ever went on between us, I was always faithful to you and you know it. But Josie is playing you for a sucker.

"Are you a man or not? How long are you going to stand for it?

And always know that when at last you are through with her, my arms are open to you. I am your first and only wife, and I would go through hell on my knees to get back to you

"Your loving FLORA."

For a moment the ticking of my wrist watch was the only sound in the room.

"Well!" exploded Dougherty at last. "That letter sets you thinking."

"The first wife has certainly been trying to envenom Flandrin's mind against Josie," added Colt, with a worried expression. "With this note I found a picture."

He held up an old-style cabinet photograph of a woman with weak eyes, thickly puffed hair, and long thin lips. It bore the single name "Flora" signed in the lower corner.

The picture had been torn across; it was in two jagged halves.

"Probably the first wife of Flandrin," Colt went on. "Observe that the photographer is in München. One can guess what happened. The jealous Josie received the letter and picture while Flandrin was away on his trip. In a rage she tore it across. Then she decided to keep the pieces to show him when he returned—but look what she wrote on the back!"

Dougherty and I crowded closer to Thatcher Colt. In those printed characters we read:

THIS IS MY MOST DANGEROUS AND DESPERATE ENEMY. AND YET FLAN AND I MUST PAY HER MONEY—OR SHE CAN SEND FLAN TO JAIL. GOD, WHAT A COUNTRY!

Dougherty reached for a cigar, a certain sign that he had come to a crisis in his thinking. "Any address on that letter from the first wife?"

"Yes—758 West Forty-third Street. That's a rooming house. But I don't mind telling you that Colonel Robinson says she never stays in one place very long. If we must face the truth about it, he says she's a hop-head. While she tells everybody that Josie took Flandrin away from her, I know that's not so, either. Flandrin left her because she was on the dope."

In the sudden silence I heard a creaking sound from the room beyond. The obese District Attorney heard the sound also, and turned quickly, his bulging eyes fixed on the door. Colt was calmly selecting a cigarette as a shadow fell through the doorway, the dark forerunner of the man who followed it across the threshold.

Flandrin, the missing husband, had come back to his home.

. . . . .

As Flandrin stood on the threshold of his own drawing-room he had the air of one who had washed his hands of living and was ready to tell the truth.

"I am sorry to be late," he apologized, with a placating glance at Colt. "I meant to be here to admit you into our home."

"You didn't use your car, did you?" blurted Dougherty. "Why not?"

Flandrin glared at the District Attorney's red face and bulging blue eyes; then, with an exquisite shiver, full of hauteur, he looked back at Thatcher Colt.

"Mr. Colt," he said, "I was in a daze. I did not know what I was doing. I tramped the streets—I do not recall even what streets. At last I came home. Can you understand that?"

For the moment, at least, Colt expressed himself as satisfied. Flandrin had been secretly followed by one of our detectives; Colt would soon have a complete history of where the acrobat had been and what he had done.

With a sweep of his arm Colt encompassed the room.

"You see this confusion—"

For the first time the disorder of the furnishings, the evidence of the battle, seemed to penetrate the consciousness of Flandrin.

"What could have happened?" he asked blankly.

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Dougherty incredulously, and turning his back walked to the other side of the room. The District Attorney plainly regarded Flandrin's amazement as a piece of acting. But imperturbably Thatcher Colt went along with the acrobat.

"Two people have got into your flat by felonious entrance," he explained. "While here they fought. We have evidence that one has gone. We do not know what has happened to the other."

Flandrin blinked in manifest confusion.

"But who?" he demanded. "Who were these people—"

"Are you having trouble with your first wife?" barked Dougherty.

Flandrin blinked.

"I? With Flora? No, no! She is out of our lives—except on the first of the month."

"You never see her?"

"No! Why?"

COLT paused and lit a cigarette. In the silence Flandrin sensed that we knew he had lied.

"Of course I have seen her now and then," he supplemented; "but such interviews are distasteful to me."

"Your alimony is pretty high, isn't it?" rumbled Dougherty.

"Far too high! Flora brought an action in the American courts which gave her the protection of your extraordinary laws."

"And you are in debt?"

"*Hélas!* Yes!"

"It is not true that you still care for Flora?"

"No, no!"

Dougherty was about to pound at Flandrin with a whole series of questions, but at a warning glance from Colt the District Attorney desisted.

The Police Commissioner was playing Flandrin like a great fish on a hook, who must be handled with skill and understanding.

"IN a very little while," Colt announced, "Inspector Flynn and his aids will be here to make a thorough search of these rooms.

"In the meantime, Flandrin, is there any suggestion you can make of any papers that would help us in our search?"

Flandrin's voice was freezing:

"What are you looking for?"

"We are going to look at everything," Dougherty interposed, making a diffusive gesture with his hands. "Documents, diaries, letters—"

"Good God!" exclaimed Flandrin. "Why?"

"To find some indication of a man or woman who hated your wife enough to plan and execute her death. To see if there are letters here from such a person.

"It might even be from some lunatic she had never seen but who fancied himself in love with her."

Flandrin, who had sat bolt upright in a chair, now rose excitedly and began pacing back and forth.

"There are many silly letters here," he admitted; "but they don't mean anything."

"What kind of letters?"

"Oh"—Flandrin threw his arms above his head—"people write silly letters to performers. My wife got them. I got them."

"And you kept them?"

"Yes—as an amusement—to paste away in scrapbooks."

Colt nodded understandingly.

"That isn't what I'm looking for. I realize that women and men the world over will write love letters to well made Adams and Eves. By the way, did you ever see any letters to your wife from Marburg Lovell?"

Again Thatcher Colt scored with the mention of that name. A sudden oath was ripped from the side of Flandrin's mouth.

His arms came up like a fighter's; for one second his face was tragically wrinkled. But instantly he mastered himself and was calm again.

"Yes, Lovell wrote her. He thought she was game for him. He didn't know how she despised him. I know some people gossiped about Josie. My first wife always tried to tell me Josie had lovers. She loved me—and me alone!"

The Police Commissioner's hands dawdled over selecting another cigarette from his silver case.

"But suppose she did not love you?" he murmured. "Wait—only suppose she did not. Suppose Josie La Tour had actually betrayed you.

"What would you have done?"

In next week's installment of the story you'll learn Flandrin's startling answer to Colt's question, and see the Commissioner make a shocking discovery.

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Mother's Feat

THREE-YEAR-old Betty was visiting her grandmother, who lived on the lower floor of her home. While her grandmother was talking, the sound of her mother's footsteps overhead drew Betty's attention.

Greatly excited, she rushed up the stairs and exclaimed:

"Mummy, you were walking on grandma's ceiling!"—Samuel Hall, Jr., 32 VanderWerken Avenue, Cohoes, N. Y.

Wrong Again!

BURRILL'S attempt to climb the porch led to a fractured wrist. When everything had once more resumed its normal routine his father said:

"You see, Burrill, what happens? I told you not to climb those columns."

"But, father," came the little boy's prompt answer, "I didn't hurt myself going up. I did it coming down!"—Mrs. M. D. Brown, 164 W. Longwood St., Detroit, Mich.

FINISH

A Short Short Story

By

J. FRANK DAVIS

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

IT was the finish. From the moment when he turned over to Fred Bowles his tangled books and bank statements, Curtis Spellman accepted the fact from which he had been shrinking ever since the trustees of the Benevolent Order of Samaritans had asked for them, four days ago. He could not—would not—live to face prosecution, conviction, the penitentiary.

Already he had decided how he would make the necessary exit. The pistol, loaded, lay on the floor of his sleeping porch, beneath the head of his bed. His wife and boy, thank God, were away on a visit.

Fred Bowles, his suburban neighbor and good friend, who was secretary of the Samaritans, had come to him the night before, unhappily serious.

"It's all nonsense, Curt," he had said, "but old man Wetherald is on the rampage, and he's got the other trustees scared too. I hate to say it, but the crazy fools have got it into their heads there must be something wrong, and if they don't get those accounts before tomorrow noon they're going into court about it."

So clearly had Spellman seen this coming that he was able to smile, quite as he would have smiled if the idea had been as nonsensical as Bowles thought.

"Wetherald would suspect his own mother," he said. "There is one little thing I haven't checked over. If they'll wait until Monday—"

"No," his friend told him regretfully. "They won't. It seems Wetherald has heard you have been trying to borrow some money and couldn't get it."

"A personal matter," Spellman replied lightly. "All right. If you'll drop into the office at eleven o'clock I'll have them ready for you. Wetherald'll find it all there."

Yes, Wetherald would find it all there—not the money to balance the books, but evidence of the shortage. And the agonizing thing about it was that Spellman didn't know how much the shortage was.

He should have engaged a bookkeeper when he became treasurer of the Samaritans. But always he had run his own business—a one-man real-estate office—with only a stenographer. He himself had kept his books with a sort of single-entry system of his own which had worked well enough, and the same system did for his treasurerships of the three small side-line businesses in which he had invested during the boom days.

After the 1929 crash, with realty already gone to pot, the side-line businesses called for more money—and more. In 1931, his small fortune badly shrunken, he saw the stock market at what surely must be the bottom, and bought on margins, which vanished. Unable to borrow on his real-estate equities, he had sold them one by one at a fraction of their cost.

During all this he had freely mixed his personal funds and those of his treasurerships, borrowing from one account, as necessary, to take care of the others. Until finally the books of all the concerns had become inextricably twisted.

From whichever accounts it came easiest he had promptly produced what others told him were the needed monies when the three side-line businesses blew up. The last of these suspensions was a month ago. Since then there remained only the Samaritan treasury—unquestionably short. Throughout this week he had been frantically seeking to discover the extent of the deficiency, wholly without success. He thought it was about two thousand dollars. And he had less than one hundred dollars in his last personal bank account.

One thing only was of the slightest comfort. After things were settled and the bonding company had been reimbursed, his wife would have something. His life insurance totaled twelve thousand dollars, and all of it had been carried long enough to beat the suicide clause.

It would take the auditors hours to make certain that the shortage existed, so, after Bowles had taken the books away, Spellman did not need to hurry. He telephoned his house and told the servant he would not be home to dinner and that she could take the afternoon and evening off. He put his desk in order.

After many attempts, he completed a letter to his wife:

> Forgive me, dear, but this is the only way out. . . . It will hurt you terribly, but not as much as seeing me in prison. . . . Truly, I meant to be honest, always.

He arrived home at five o'clock. The pistol was under the bed, where it had lain, loaded, since that time, the year after his marriage, when there was a burglar scare in the neighborhood.

Never in his life had he fired any pistol except a little one with blank cartridges when he was a boy, and an automatic might have puzzled him, but this was an old-fashioned revolver. He couldn't remember that he had touched it once during the twelve years; it must have been moved when the room was swept, but always it had been replaced under the bed. Occasionally he or his wife had remarked that it was a good thing for servants to see it there; they might report the fact to ill-intentioned persons.

HE looked to see that the cartridges were still in its chamber. Then he carried it into the front bedroom, placed the letter to his wife prominently on the bureau top, and stood before the mirror.

Through the window he saw Fred Bowles come hurrying past his own house without stopping. So they had discovered the truth, and Fred was coming to tip him.

Spellman raised the pistol to his temple and pulled back with his thumb on the hammer. It did not lift. Fred rang the doorbell.

Again Spellman tugged at the hammer, and again the gun refused to cock.

Of course. Why hadn't he thought of it? Twelve years without a single cleaning. Twelve years of dirt and rust. He couldn't keep a pistol in order any better than he could keep books.

He laid the useless weapon on the bureau and went down to answer the bell; Fred had seen his car in the open garage, of course, and knew he was at home. As soon as he could get rid of Fred he must think of some other way. It came to him as he was opening the door—monoxide from a running engine in the garage. He hoped he would have time before the police came.

"Well, Curt," Fred announced, "it's finished."

Spellman nodded, unable to speak.

"They've been trying all this time to make your figures balance with my records and theirs, but it just can't be done," his friend said. "You are probably the rottenest bookkeeper in the world. And at some time or other you must have put a piece of your own money into the wrong bank account—there's thirteen hundred dollars more cash on hand than there ought to be."

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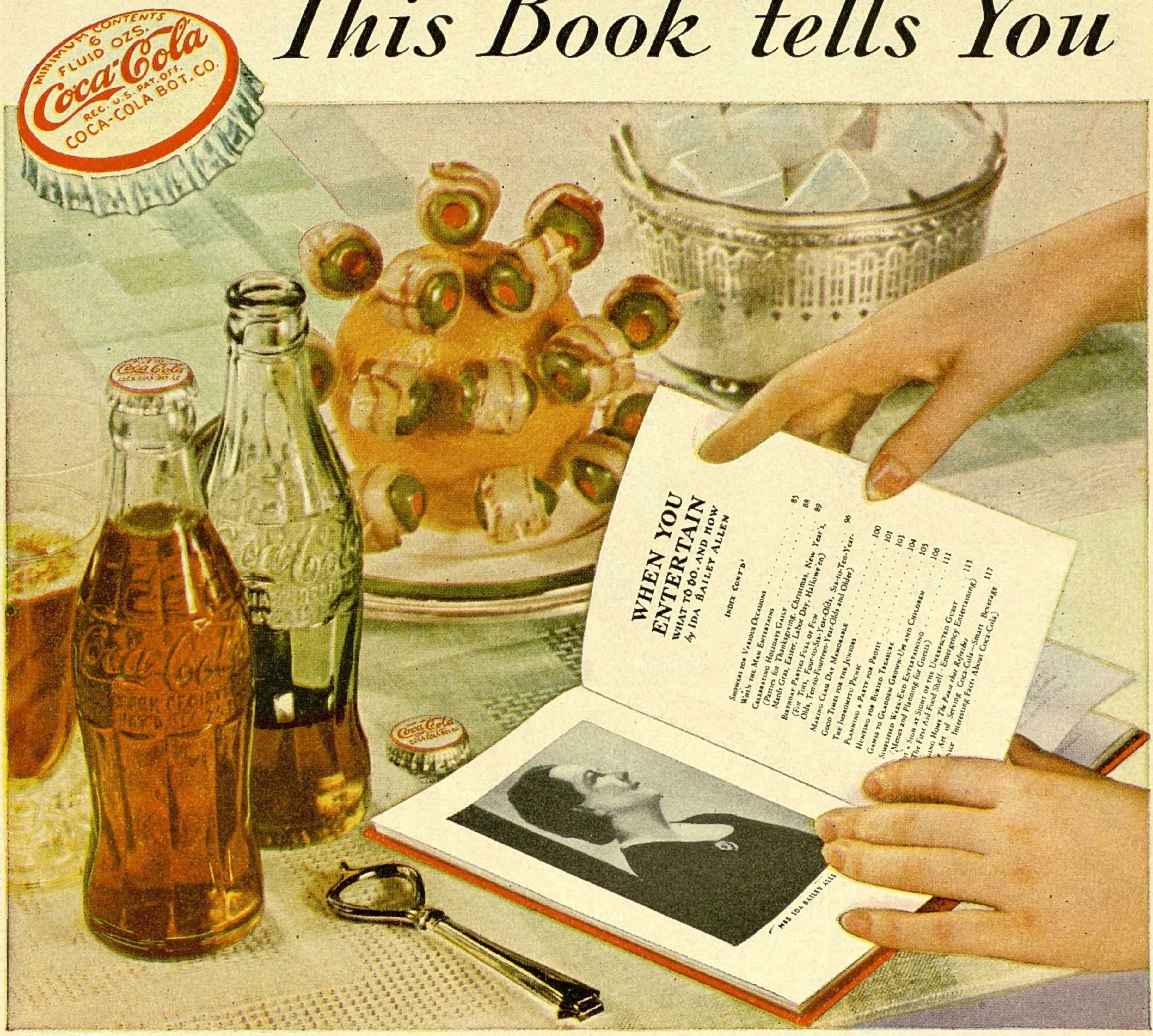
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